FLASHES FROM THE ETERNAL SEMAPHORE

THE UPWARD REACH

LEO J. MUIR

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To Eunora Johnson
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Cordially

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from the
Eternal Semaphore

By

LEO J. MUIR

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To the Youth of America

The light of seventy centuries illumines your pathway.

Yet across that pathway fall shadows that beguile and deceive—

Mystic shadows of pleasure-lust,
Dim shadows of ignorance,
Lurid shadows of sin.

In the firm faith that these Flashes from the Eternal Semaphore will dispel some of those shadows, this volume is dedicated to you.

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"Whoever in the darkness lighteth another with a lamp lighteth himself also."

—*Auerbach.*

Semaphoring

GOD fashioned the first semaphores. They were the stars in the heavens. These guided the travelers by land and the mariners at sea. Before the Children of Israel, we are told, He threw a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, and in a later dispensation by a star in the East, He guided the three wise men to the manger where lay the infant Christ.

But soon man began to create semaphores for himself. The mighty lighthouses are among the most ancient of these signals. In his effort to rival the stars man hung these lights as high in the heavens as his genius permitted. The great lighthouse at Alexandria, Egypt, built by King Ptolemy, is said to be the first lighthouse in all the world. It was four hundred feet high. At its top a brushwood fire was kept burning throughout the night. Two thousand years ago this marvelous tower, known as one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," blazed forth its cheer and warning to the mariners of Egypt. When the sea lashed strong and the night was inky black, this mimic star cast forth its light and mariners sixty miles away could

see it and come within the protection of its beams.

For two thousand years man has been erecting lighthouses. Yet the last century in that period has witnessed more progress than the previous nineteen. Today there are more than two thousand lighthouse stations in England and more than three thousand protecting the coast line of the United States.

Perhaps the most notable character in modern coastal and highway lighthouse construction is Dr. Gustaf Dalén of Sweden, winner of the Nobel prize in physics in 1912. It was he who designed the great lights north of the Arctic Circle which flash every night for a period of two years without the touch of a human hand. This automatic control is known technically as the sun valve. It is placed on top of the beacon and is operated by means of the sun's rays. Through the process of an infinitely delicate mechanism, the light opens and closes the valves, turning the gas on and off according to the prevailing degrees of light and darkness.

Shortly after Dr. Dalén had perfected his sun valve, one of the most important inven-

tions of the century, an explosion in his laboratory rendered him totally blind. He gave his own eyes that others might see.

Railroad lighting and signalling are marks of a more recent civilization, and now there have come the highway lighthouse and the traffic beacon. These in myriads dot and fleck our highways in town, country and metropolis. They are the silent and infallible policemen of the road.

The latest expression of this great business of highway semaphoring is that provided to chart the course of the aerial voyager. The United States airmail service has created aviation routing beacons for the pilots of the air. The strongest of these are visible for fifty miles, and on a clear night, to the airmail pilot seven thousand feet up in the blue blackness of the heavens, they appear as a narrow path of light stretching far over prairies and mountains.

And all this, civilization has done for those who travel. What incalculable expenditure of time and energy and genius to light man's way and save him from error and danger!

But it is the purpose of this little book to present another process of semaphoring—that done by the Eternal Semaphore.

What Is the Eternal Semaphore?

IT IS the experience of the race, the judgment of the ages, the voice of the past. It is truth, wisdom, law. From this vast semaphore, signals and warnings are ever flashing before our eyes. Mankind has learned much in the ages that have rolled by, and happily much has been recorded for the enlightenment of generations to follow. Eternal truths, wrought out on the mighty anvil of experience, have been cast into immortal words, semaphored from the past. These truths are the laws of success and failure. They do not change, hence men say they are immutable. From their certain consequences man cannot pray himself free, hence men say they are inexorable.

Throughout all ages the Eternal Semaphore has been flashing its signals. The semaphorists have been the wisest minds of all time, the philosophers of the race. They have recorded their findings in decisive language. Truth tends to coin itself in terse sentences; it abhors platitude. "Truth needs no flowers of speech," Pope wisely says. The proverb is perhaps the most concise and elegant expression of truth. Cervantes has defined proverbs as short sen-

tences drawn from long experience. Ripeness of experience seeks brevity of expression.

In this brief volume five signals are thrown upon the vision. They are old familiar road signs, erected in ages long past. They have appeared in all tongues and in the philosophies of all peoples. They are infallible laws of success and happiness.

There are three things this little volume aspires to do. It would throw upon youth's pathway in graphic brilliancy the Flashes from the Eternal Semaphore which constitute the titles of these chapters. It would impress young men and young women with the rigorous certitude of truth and principle. Finally, it would quicken the respect of youth for the past and its contributions.

The author would far rather it should be his privilege in life to cast a shaft of light upon the pathway of ambitious youth than to pour the oil of consolation upon the failures and disappointments of older people. In other words, he would rather be a former than a reformer—a teacher than a preacher.

Let us turn now to some of the signals which the Eternal Semaphore has been everlastingly flashing upon the vision of mankind.

FLASH ONE

"The hard is the good."—German Proverb.

The Pursuit of Easy Things Makes Men Weak

CATCH that warning, young man, and heed it. Are you trying to evade the drudgery of work, the weariness of toil, the burdens of responsibility? You may succeed, but you'll be weak. The penalty is certain. Society has fashioned a thousand exemptions from work, but not one immunity from the penalty of indolence and irresponsibility.

Indolence means literally, "freedom from pain." That word is certainly three thousand years old, probably five thousand. It records the solemn deduction of the ages that work is pain. The same conviction is reaffirmed in the word "painstaking," an age-old declaration that excellence costs pain and labor. Out of pain and labor come growth and achievement; out of indolence and irresponsibility come decay and debility.

This warning from the Eternal Semaphore dates from the beginning. It is one of the oldest laws of human progress. The Creator understood its operations and to fortify mankind against it, He issued that mighty injunction:

> "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

And then, as if to make his law inexorable, He decreed that the earth should bring forth thorns and thistles. Students of the Scriptures, either to perfect the original translation, embellish the language, or reinforce the mandate, have cast this eternal law into more eternal language:

> "By the sweat of thy brow, thou shalt earn thy bread."

It is unfortunate that men have been taught to regard this divine proclamation as a curse, when in reality it is the foremost blessing of creation, indeed the key-principle to all blessings. Men may question the truthfulness of the Eden narrative, but they cannot doubt that this decree of Genesis is the consummation of Divine wisdom. It is the precise complement of Flash One—the title of this chapter. It is the remedy for the disease, the antidote against man's natural propensity to pursue easy things. It has given to civilization its steel-reinforcement. It has made men strong.

But let us return to Flash One—The pursuit of easy things makes men weak. This admonition has been semaphored in all ages and to all races. Wise men have caught it and

cast it into enduring language. A noble expression of this truth is that classic maxim known to every school boy:

"There is no excellence without labor."

They never excel who pursue easy things. I like also the solemn warning in which Horace Greeley interpreted this flash from the semaphore:

"The darkest hour in any man's life is when he sits down to plan how to get money without earning it."

That cuts to the quick, doesn't it? Truly such a man gets weak, if not indeed wicked. Greeley doesn't attempt to differentiate between the gentleman who through some clever deception or manipulation extracts money from gullible people and the rude fellow who goes out with his gun. If we consider motives, there is no difference, though, in the first case, there will be found greater refinement in the methods employed and surer immunity from punishment. That's all. Horace Greeley's interpretation is almost duplicated by George S. Hilliard, who wrote these grave words:

"The ruin of most men dates from some idle moment."

Solomon, perhaps the greatest semaphorist of all time, has reflected this warning to us in many a terse proverb, the most familiar of which is probably this:

> "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

Recently I fell upon a rather modern reflection of our signal:

> "It is following the path of least resistance that makes rivers and men crooked."

That carries the penalty a step further and makes the victim not only weak but crooked.

In a similar strain runs Herbert Kaufmann's paraphrase of our text:

> "An unearned dollar is a fool-maker."

He also writes this prophetic aphorism:

> "Rich men's sons are seldom rich men's fathers."

An English proverb antedating Kaufmann's caught the semaphore in a similar language:

> "Pour gold on him and he'll never thrive."

Occasionally the semaphore indulges in a bit of humor as it flashes its signals. For example, Franklin facetiously recorded Flash One in these words:

"Laziness travels slowly and is soon overtaken by poverty."

Shortly ago I picked up this:

"You will find the key to success under the alarm clock."

And here is another in like mood:

"You may as well depend upon your rich relatives as upon luck."

Keep in mind the fact that the man who depends upon either is pursuing easy things; he becomes weak. His misfortune lies not in the fact that he doesn't get what he pursues, but in the fact that he becomes weak. That's the real misfortune.

In this world today there are too many people seeking easy things and altogether too many are obtaining them. Too many people are getting something for nothing. There are too many parasites, cuckoos, sycophants and promoters. The evil in this condition is not the social injustice that results, but the impairment in manhood. The warning of the semaphore is inexorable: The pursuit of easy things makes men weak.

When I was a lad at home, it was frequently my duty to prepare the soil and plant the

flower garden. Upon one occasion, while I was engaged in this work, a profound lesson came into my life. A philosophical old gentleman, one of our neighbors, stopped as he passed by and asked this subtle question: "My boy, are you planting seeds or planting blossoms?" At first I hardly caught the point, for it was obvious I was planting seeds. But the old man's interrogation finally pierced thru, and I understood. I had unconsciously responded to the instruction of Solomon:

"In all thy getting, get understanding."

The aged gentleman had semaphored to me at close range a most solemn principle. We are all blossom planters, more or less; indeed blossom planting is one of the most popular of pastimes. We anticipate the results even before we have begun the task. We seek quick returns and impatiently endure the intermediate stages of progress in the things we are doing. Before we have planted the seeds, our eyes long for the bright petals and our nostrils crave the rich fragrance of the blossoming flowers. Planting, cultivating and caretaking are necessary steps, of course, but they seem slow and arduous. In doing them, we "walk by faith,"

our thoughts always upon the harvest in the distance. We would prefer the quick and the easy—but nature forbids, for easiness enfeebles.

Speaking of promoters, a few years ago I ran across this paradoxical definition:

> "A promoter is a person who tries to sell what he hasn't got to someone who doesn't want it."

There is a good deal of that in modern life. Humanity would be much happier if, in man's dealings with man, the rule of justice always applied. Justice is the exchange of equivalents. When one gets rich quickly, others carry heavy burdens for a long time. But the Wallingfords get weak and the struggling throng gather strength, and thus happily there come about frequent inversions in the strata of society.

This leads us to the positive aspect of the great truth with which we are dealing. If the pursuit of easy things makes men weak, the pursuit of difficult things should make them strong. In other words, strength is the child of struggle. Parlette struck it off in these dynamic words:

> "Strength and struggle travel together."

This principal is written into every chapter of biological life and it is the vertebral column in the economic and political structure of society. Plants, brute animals, man; institutions, communities, nations—in every case this rule applies. If you would test the intensity of the struggle encountered, weigh the resulting strength. If you would appraise the strength derived, ascertain the validity of the struggle. But in all this, keep in mind the fact that the supreme reward of struggle is strength: muscle, nerve, grit, skill, integrity, intelligence; and all this is character, manhood. When a little man boasts of great struggles and adversities, you may well doubt his veracity.

Yes, Mr. Parlette, you are right, strength and struggle do travel together. That great truth has been semaphored in many forms. The old German proverb reflected it in these words:

"The hard is the good."

The poet Goethe, evidently paraphrasing this conviction of his race, wrote:

"If you want to make life easy, make it hard."

Shakespeare carved out the same truth in one of his ornate sentences:

"There can be no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand."

Washington Irving semaphored it thus:

"Great minds have purposes, others have wishes; little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above them."

Someone has defined genius as intensity of purpose: the ability to do, the patience to wait. What a powerful team—ability and patience! In the success formula each is the complement of the other. Men of great ability, lacking the patience to persevere, fail miserably. Men of great patience, wanting ability, are but drones. Put these two together, however, and you have genius, and you have achievement.

Fancy, will you not, how patience and ability co-operated in the act of creation. It matters not whether you subscribe to the theory of Genesis that Almighty God fashioned it once for all, or to the latest scientific hypothesis of continuous evolution; you will find in the creative miracle vast ability and interminable patience. The rocks register their presence, so do the fragrance of the rose and the dexterity of the hand that plucks it.

Somewhere the Bible speaks of the faith that moves mountains. I have seen that faith in action and the mountains really moved. But I heard the blasts of dynamite and the clamorous chug of the steam shovel, rooting the earth with his irresistible snout. And I saw great trucks carting the mountain away. Ability and patience at work, that is all; but the mountains moved. Bigger things have been done and will yet be done by ability and patience, working together.

But we must not forget that ability and patience are both forms of strength; they are the products of struggle. They are not acquired through the pursuit of easy things, for that makes men weak.

And what about your education, young man, is it making you strong or weak? Are you equipping yourself with superior power and, at the same time, consciously trusting that you will escape from the drudgery of work and the burdens of responsibility? That is a popular misconception of the function of education, which defeats its own ends. J. W. Searson of the University of Nebraska says that a man must learn to use drudgery before he is thirty

and to get rid of it before he is forty. Properly interpreted, education, as dispensed in our schools and colleges, is a preparation for struggle. Not the schooling, but the subsequent struggle, produces the strength.

It is interesting to study the interaction between struggle and strength. Struggle makes strength, and the strength so created defies obstacles and challenges further struggle. Forever the contest is waged, for this is the intrinsic nature of progress. And, happily, creation has provided much to be struggled against. It will take eternity to exploit infinity, and what a wealth of ability, capacity and power will ensue. And this wealth of power is the compensating reward, the fundamental objective in the eternal ethical process. Not the thing achieved, but the manhood evolved, the character perfected, is the final purpose in this endless design.

In the beginning of this chapter we spoke of the tendency to pursue easy things as one of man's natural propensities. A stronger propensity is his innate faculty to progress, to grow, to achieve, through this essential conquest of his environment.

Here, then, we have three things marvelously inter-related: An infinite universe waiting to be exploited; an eternity in which to effect that exploitation, and man endowed with innate ability to exploit. Who would assume to calculate the dynamic possibilities in such relationship? In it dwell the promise and potency of eternal life; out of it must evolve consummate character, a perfected manhood, which is but the reflected image of God.

What a magnificent prospect, young man and young woman! And it is available to you and to everybody.

But it is not a gift; it is a victory.

It is not a bequest; it is a conquest.

It is not an endowment; it is an achievement.

It is the end of the race, the crest of the hill, the reward of the struggle.

And the eternal semaphore solemnly warns you:

"The Pursuit of Easy Things Makes Men Weak."

FLASH TWO

"The first and best victory is to conquer self; to be conquered by self is, of all things, the most shameful and vile."—PLATO.

"You Will Never Have a Greater or a Lesser Dominion Than That over Yourself."—*Da Vinci*

Eternal truth, clad in the impregnable armor of a mighty sentence! A veritable polar star in the firmament of truth! What a solemn pronouncement of personal responsibility! Da Vinci leaves no place for fatalism or predestination. The height of a man's success is gauged by his self-mastery; the depth of his failure by his self-abandonment. There is no other limitation in either direction. And this law is the expression of eternal justice. He who cannot establish a dominion over himself will have no dominion over others. He who masters himself shall be king.

The great thinkers of all time have caught this signal from life's semaphore. Here are a few of their vivid flashes:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control; these three lead life to sovereign power."—*Tennyson.*

"The first and best victory is to conquer self; to be conquered by self, is, of all things, the most shameful and vile."—*Plato.*

"Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves."—*James Thompson.*

"My liveliest delight is in having conquered myself."—*Rousseau.*

"The most important attribute of man as a moral being is the faculty of self-control."

—*Herbert Spencer.*

"The only true conquests—those that awaken no regrets—are those obtained over our ignorance."

—*Napoleon.*

"He overcomes a stout enemy who overcomes his own anger."—*Aristotle.*

"Who then is free? The wise man who can govern himself."—*Solomon.*

"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."—*Solomon.*

It is probably a sound definition of character to say that it is habitual self-mastery towards good ends. It is this type of self-mastery of which we are thinking in this discussion. In such self-mastery there are two elements: the one, moral standardization—the set of the sails, so to speak; the other, sheer will-power, the wind in the sails.

The educational process is in reality a triangle. At one corner is information; at another, ideals; and at the third, will-power, or self-control. The self-control is, of course, the product in large part of the information and

the idealism at the other corners of the triangle. It is largely a by-product of these two, but no one has yet been able to put his finger on the rule or the gauge by which information and ideals contribute to self-mastery. Character (self-mastery toward good ends) is a subtle thing. Its sources are obscure, its roots delicate and invisible. We know it when we see it and it always commands our admiration, and the absence of it our pity; but it is largely a matter of will.

Victor Hugo says:

"People do not lack strength, they lack will,"

and Mirabeau affirms:

"Nothing is impossible to the man who can will."

Henry Ward Beecher throws men into two classes:

"The elect, those who will; the non-elect, those who won't,"

and Goethe declares that personality is the greatest gift of earth's children, and personality is ninety percent will-power.

Measure if you can, these stout sentences of Garrison:

"I am in earnest! I will not equivocate! I will

not excuse! I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!"

"A resolute determination," says Napoleon, "is the truest wisdom."

In this power of will of which we are speaking there is nothing mysterious, hypnotic or explosive. It is more a matter of plan than of power. Strength is not necessarily related to force. Someone has cast this truth into a beautiful paradox:

"There is nothing so strong as gentleness, and nothing so gentle as strength."

But how am I to obtain this gentle strength by which I may master myself? Perhaps the best answer is found in the words of the Master Teacher. As Christ approached the end of the Sermon on the Mount, He laid down the fundamental principle in self-mastery:

"Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate and narrow the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Let us for a moment examine this marvelous formula of success and happiness. It throws upon the vision two impressive pictures: the broad way leading thru the wide gate and many

thronging it; the strait way leading thru the narrow gate, and the few finding it. Off in the distance those divergent paths lead to inevitable goals—the one to destruction, failure; the other to life, self-realization, achievement. These are the natural and certain ends to which these pathways lead. There is nothing arbitrary, autocratic or doctrinal about it. The goals are not determined by statutes, nor by the decrees of dictators or despots. It is all a matter of principle, of immutable and irrevocable law. Humanity has condensed the substance of this philosophy into a single phrase, "The strait and narrow path," thus discarding the negative aspect of the great truth.

The picture portrayed in this phrase is that of life's desirable pathway stretching forth, narrow and strait. The two descriptive adjectives are interesting and expressive. The first is the rich and powerful word "strait." What a world of energy, strength and assurance there is in this word! True, it implies limitations, but it g u a r a n t e e s the goal of victory and achievement. It signifies aim, concentration, undeviating purpose. There is a geometric principle that the strait line is the shortest dis-

tance between two points. This strait and narrow path is the shortest way to success and happiness and it is also the surest way, for it avoids the perils of by-ways and detours. It drives straight ahead and either brushes aside, penetrates, or surmounts the intervening obstacles.

In the other adjective, "narrow," we have the sense of self-restraint and self-denial. This word is negative in its nature. It confines, limits, restricts. All this, however, is important to happiness and achievement. Unrestrained and unguided, we wander and ramble. Dissolution and abandonment are the close friends of license and they are the foes of honor and straight-forwardness. The philosophy of the strait and narrow path does not fetter or shackle mankind. On the contrary, it is the way to emancipation, independence and liberty.

The race has recorded its acceptance of this principle in a score of terse epithets which are familiar to us all. The expressions, "singleness of purpose," "decision of character," "hew to the line," are enduring evidences that the race has endorsed the principle of the strait

and narrow path. On the negative side there are these phrases: "gone astray," "fallen by the wayside," "off the track," "wayward," "crooked." These register the conviction of the race that those who deviate from the strait and narrow path fall into evil, error and failure.

If you can walk in a straight path, your success and happiness are assured, for you will have dominion over other things and other circumstances. If your ways are devious, your chances of success and happiness are doubtful. You may lay it down as an infallible rule, that success in any line of endeavor is achieved in accordance with this principle. No great success has ever been achieved in violation of it. Success is simply a matter of driving in a straight line, of setting up a goal, planning the means of achieving it, and of striking courageously toward that goal.

Great men are those who have had noble purposes to achieve, great tasks to perform, or mighty causes to vindicate. A high expression of self-mastery is but the reflection of these great purposes upon personality and character. The demand upon character molds the essen-

tial self-mastery; the goal forges the strength needed to achieve it.

Someone has remarked that a great purpose is magnetic and attracts great resources. True, and the first resources attracted are the personal character and the self-mastery needed to achieve the great purpose. The difficult task to be achieved or the noble cause to be vindicated, dwelt upon and dreamed of, impregnate the mind and character with greatness.

In your reading you have probably found this oft-repeated sylogism:

"Great minds have purposes, others have wishes."

The truth in the matter is probably this: Great purposes demand and endow strong minds; wishes need only weak minds. The soundness of this principle is found in the fact that men are not great until they have achieved great things. The strength is the product of the struggle; the endowment follows the achievement. Nature never pays an unearned account; and she never fails to pay one that is earned. In fact, earning is possessing; the two processes are simultaneous.

Would you achieve financial success?

Would you be happy?

Would you be healthy?

Would you be morally straight?

Would you find religious peace of mind?

There is but one formula; the strait and narrow path—the way of honor, the way of industry, of moderation, simplicity and virtue.

Let us scan at random the lives of great men and observe how firmly they have mastered their lives towards the ends they held dear. The canny Scotchman, Carnegie, expressed the philosophy of the captains of industry in this wise sentence:

> "Put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket."

That is the strait and narrow path in business.

The great builders of industry have fashioned their lives according to this principle. You need think only of Philip Armour, Andrew Carnegie, Marshall Field, Edward H. Harriman, John D. Rockefeller, or John Wanamaker, to satisfy your inquiry upon this matter. Then witness Thomas A. Edison in the ceaseless toil of his laboratories; or Cyrus W. Field, risking his fortune and devoting years of seemingly hopeless drudgery in the laying of

the Atlantic cable; or George Stevenson working fifteen long years for his first successful locomotive; or Thomas Carlyle calmly rewriting the French Revolution after his first manuscript had been carelessly used to kindle fires; or John Bunyan writing Pilgrim's Progress in prison; or the immortal Lincoln walking forty miles to borrow a book; or Milton writing Paradise Lost in a world he could not see; or Handel practicing in secret on his harpsichord until the keys were hollowed by his fingers to resemble the bowl of a spoon. Yes, visualize these heroic and persistent endeavors of great men and you will find in all of them a fixed purpose and an unwavering determination; and this is but an application of the principle of the strait and narrow path.

But this formula applies also to the humble walks of life. Moderation and simplicity in foods, in fashions and in faith lead always to health, happiness and religious peace of mind. The way of honor and uprightness always wins the respect and confidence of mankind. Marital fidelity brings marital happiness and success. Concentration upon the task at hand assures its execution.

But all this is not so much a matter of self-restraint as of self-direction, a higher and positive virtue. Self-mastery aims at self-management, self-energization and self-realization. These are positive and dynamic expressions of self-mastery—which assure for man the dominion contemplated in Flash Two.

Any worthy degree of self-mastery is founded first upon an intelligent understanding of one's opportunities and abilities. It is futile to command one's self toward impossible or disproportionate ends. A second step is the setting up of a desirable and achieveable goal. Then follows a planning of the course of action to achieve that goal. The final stroke is the most difficult of all—such self-command as will focus upon the task the energy and attention necessary to its achievement.

It seems simple, doesn't it? In this age of enlightenment more people should find this royal road to success—this strait and narrow path. But remember he who would have power over the circumstances and conditions of his existence must first have power over himself. The Eternal Semaphore has flashed this immutable truth:

"You will never have a greater or a lesser dominion than that over yourself."

FLASH THREE

"That state of life is most happy where superfluities are not required and necessities are not wanting."

—PLUTARCH.

Joy Dwells in the Ordinary

Homely truth—wholesome enduring principle! Happy are they who fashion their lives in the light of this philosophy. Too often this truth is but the sad deduction of those who have failed to find happiness in the pursuit of wealth, luxury and pleasure.

In every tongue, in every age, this truth has been heralded. A more benevolent warning could not have been semaphored to humanity. "Man is that he might have joy." His chief quest is joy. Without joy life is failure, disappointment. And yet, the way to joy is boldly charted. Men need not falter in finding it. At every detour in the quest of the exceptional, this warning is flashed upon the vision: Joy Dwells in the Ordinary.

There is not a thinker in all time who has not caught this signal from the Eternal Semaphore. It was flashed upon the vision of Plutarch, scholarly historian of the Greeks, in the First Century of the Christian Era. In this eloquent aphorism he recorded the lesson:

> "That state of life is most happy where superfluities are not required and necessities are not wanting."

Elsewhere in his writings appears this historic reflection:

> "The man who first brought ruin upon the Roman people was he who pampered them by largesses and amusements."

Seneca, Roman statesman, tutor of the voluptuous Nero, and a contemporary of Plutarch, also found this same signal upon life's highway. In this fine language he gave it form:

> "Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all plate is no more than earthenware."

Socrates, wisest of the Greeks, whom Phaedo pronounced the wisest and justest and best of all the men he knew, four centuries before the days of Christ, semaphored this same truth in this ornate maxim:

> "Contentment is natural wealth; luxury, artificial poverty."

Then note the laconic sentence into which Pope, English author of the sixteenth century, casts this signal for our warning:

> "Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, lie in the three words—health, peace and competence."

Shakespeare, one hundred years earlier, had semaphored this glaring signal through one of his characters:

"Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer."

Tennyson beautifies the same thought in this noble stanza:

"Howe'er it be it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Rousseau, French philosopher, flashed this illuminating truth to humanity:

"Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite and temperance prevents from indulging to excess."

Edward Young, English poet of the sixteenth century, throws this signal into a warning to the nations:

"On the soft bed of luxury most kingdoms have expired."

The grave Talmud casts this semaphore into a magnificent sermon:

"The best preacher is the heart, the best teacher is time, the best book is the world, the best friend is God."

Goldsmith, Irish novelist, writes these homely reflections upon our text:

"I chose my wife as she chose her wedding gown; not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well."

"Aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself."

Thomas Jefferson warns us that pride costs more than hunger, and thirst more than cold. And here are a few brilliant roadsigns erected by Elbert Hubbard, reflecting the same great truth:

"Ozone and friendship will be our stimulants—let the drugs, tobacco, and strong drink go forever. Natural joy brings no headaches and no heart-aches."

"Paths of kindness are paved with happiness."

"Of all blessings, no gift equals the gentle, trusting love and companionship of a good woman."

And here is a veritable lighthouse reared by Lord Houghton:

"Do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life."

From the writings of Frank Crane I recently copied this illuminating translation of Flash Three:

"The people of the world may be divided into two classes, those who find their happiness in the usual,

and those who find their happiness in the unusual. The first are as a rule healthy, contented, helpful and optimistic. The second are as a rule morbid, restless, pessimistic and nuisances to all around them. I call that man truly converted, or enlightened, or born again, or emancipated, who has purged his soul of the lust for the exceptional; who has learned that the greatest fun in the world is to enjoy those pleasures of life that are common to all the race."

Bulwer Lytton, centuries ago, threw our traffic-beacon into this convincing proverb:

"We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the rapture of moments."

And could there be a more poetic expression of Flash Three than this from Robert Louis Stevenson:

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauties, nor failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he has; whose life is an inspiration; whose memory, a benediction."

Here is the same truth in a delightful poetic

stanza:

"From quiet homes and first beginnings,
Out to the undiscovered ends;
There's nothing worth the wear of winning,
But laughter and the love of friends."

Truly, Joy Dwells in the Ordinary. This beacon from the Eternal Semaphore is one of the most obvious of all natural laws. In no other fact is the wisdom of nature so surely demonstrated.

To a depth of fifty miles the earth is bathed in an ordinary combination of two ordinary elements—oxygen and nitrogen. Three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered with another ordinary combination of the most ordinary of the elements—oxygen and hydrogen in the H_2O formula. These two substances, air and water, represent Nature's first line of defense for the organic world—her provision for the conservation of life.

Always the ordinary is vital, the extraordinary unessential. The ordinary is enduring, dependable, wholesome. Nature is genuinely democratic; thus she has created the ordinary in abundance, while there is not enough of the extraordinary to go around. Wheat and po-

tatoes thrive in every zone, but the avocado is found only in the mildest climes. Somewhere we have read of a land flowing with milk and honey. That was indeed a choice land, for milk and honey are more dependable than Mayonnaise and Heinz' Fifty-Seven.

Of all nature's gifts health is the most ordinary. Man's first duty therefore is the conservation of his vitality. Only his own ignorance and excesses can rob him of that treasure. Wise nature knows that health is the foundation of joy, hence nature makes health the ordinary heritage of all life. Someone recently said that the man with educated bowels will outclass the man with educated brains. Bulwer has thrown a similar thought into these strong words:

> "There are two things in life that a sage must preserve at every sacrifice, the coats of his stomach and the enamel of his teeth."

Henry Ward Beecher lends emphasis to a similar thought:

> "A good digestion is as truly obligatory as a good conscience; pure blood is as truly a part of mankind as a pure faith; and a well ordered skin is the first condition of that cleanliness which is next to Godliness."

And these most desirable things are the common possession of all mankind—the ordinary gifts of life. Sir Philip Sidney affirms that the ingredients of health and long life are "great temperance, open air, easy labor and little care." What a marvelous quartet of ordinary things—and yet the unfailing source of joy. Surely, Joy Dwells in the Ordinary.

The home is the most ordinary of institutions. It is the temple of our shelter and rest, the habitation of our hopes and our fears. It is the resort of love, the refuge of virtue, the altar of prayer. It is the school of cleanliness, the preceptor of obedience, the sanctuary of modesty. It is at once the stronghold of the ordinary and the shrine of joy.

S. J. Hale makes this thought the spirit of a poetic stanza:

"We need not power or splendor,
Wide halls or lordly dome;
The good, the true, the tender—
These form the wealth of home."

Listen to that great teacher, Pestalozzi:

"Our home joys are the most delightful earth affords, and the joy of parents in their children is the most holy joy of humanity."

Goethe, the great German poet-philosopher,

writes these convincing words:

> "He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home."

Even more emphatic are the words of Chapin:

> "There is no happiness in life and there is no misery like that growing out of the dispositions which consecrate or desecrate a home."

Labor is the ordinary means to the ordinary gifts of life. Aside from the things it buys, labor is perhaps man's greatest source of joy. Beattie sums up the case in this terse language:

> "From labor, health; from health, contentment springs."

Alexander the Great told his slothful and luxury-loving friends that it was a most slavish thing to luxuriate and a most royal thing to labor.

From Caryle comes this vital sentence, "Blessed is the man who has found his work"; and from Livy this interesting paradox, "Toil and pleasure, in their nature opposites, are yet linked together in a kind of necessary connection." Upon the same thought Jacobi writes:

> "We enjoy ourselves only in our work—in our do-

ing, and our best doing is our best enjoyment."

The most useful labor is that which deals with ordinary materials and produces an ever expanding volume of ordinary commodities. This age has little interest in the twelve superhuman feats of Hercules. It gives its richest reward to him who ministers to the joys of others by making every good and useful thing the ordinary possession of all. In lieu of Hercules, we pronounce today such names as Edison, Burbank, Ford. These have multiplied human joy immeasurably. Social progress is but the effort to make the extraordinary ordinary in matters of material possession and of intellectual and spiritual appreciation.

Mother is the first and the closest of all companionship. Her dominion is the temple of ordinary things—the stove, the table, the pantry, the bed, the bath, and the laundry. But oh the joy of them all! These are the institutions in which the normal desires of mankind are gratified. They are the common and ordinary things in which joy dwells. And where does joy dwell more abundantly than at the dinner table when appetites are keen, or in the bed when tired bodies and weary minds seek

rest in sleep, or in the bath when the flesh craves the cleansing freshness of the purifying water? And happily these sources of joy are under the ministration of mother, nature's loving proxy.

Moderation is the bosom friend of joy, the science of being happy. It is the alchemic stone which changes other metals into gold. Excess is the mortal enemy of joy, the ever-present temptress toward the extraordinary. Moderation is salutary, excess is baneful. Nature's reward for moderation is health, power, happiness; her punishment of excess is sickness, failure, misery. Her reward on the one hand, and her punishment on the other, are sure and swift.

Tacitus, Roman historian of the first century, semaphored this stern truth in these gripping words:

> "Necessity reforms the poor; satiety the rich."

and Goldsmith semaphored the same vital truth in this terse axiom,

> "Disproportionate friendships ever terminate in disgust."

Somewhere I have read these solemn words, "Desire shall fail," and I have wondered at

their merciless significance. Why does desire fail? Why should the keen relish of appetite be dulled? Why should zeal run itself out of breath? Why should love lose its alluring sweetness? Excess! That is the answer. Desire fails when appetite gives way to satiety, when zeal runs to fanaticism, when love burns itself up with passion.

"Nothing in excess!" These words of Socrates reveal the mandate of nature—the golden rule of enjoyment. The prodigal lacks the prudence to acquire what he has the power to enjoy; the miser lacks the power to enjoy what he has the prudence to acquire. Neither takes the way of the ordinary, both are expressions of excess.

Aleyn throws this stern truth into two poetic lines:

"No violent extremes endure,
A sober moderation stands secure."

Bruyere strikes off this forceful thought:

"Extremes are vicious and proceed from man; compensation is just and proceeds from God."

Nature herself loves the ordinary. Observe with what prodigality she bestows the common gifts of earth. Sunshine and rain and flowers abound everywhere. No land but has its ver-

dant hills and fertile valleys. All over the earth rise mountains, treasure-filled and wood-covered; and in every clime are rivers and lakes, exuberant with wealth.

But observe also with what frugality Nature displays the extraordinary. The sunset throws its flaming banner across the sky—but only for a moment and always in shifting scenes. The spring blossoms and the autumn colors are soon gone. When Nature fashions a thing of magnificence or g r a n d e u r in permanent form, she isolates it in impenetrable hills or deserts, remote from the ways of man's travel. Yosemite, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and the Mighty Yellowstone are almost inaccessible. Millions of dollars have been spent to open to the view of mankind these natural wonders. The favored tourist stands entranced as he gazes upon them—then he departs, his soul enriched by the vision it retains. He returns to the ordinary—to the wholesomeness of daily labor, to the comradeship of friends and neighbors, to the love of wife and children, to the bliss and the quietude of home.

And the Eternal Semaphore persistently flashes the beacon:

"***Joy Dwells in the Ordinary.***"

FLASH FOUR

"Of thine unspoken word thou art master; thy spoken word is master of thee."—ANON.

Thy Speech Betrayeth Thee

A spectacular Traffic Beacon, a most salutary guide on Life's perilous highway!

Two thousand years ago this warning was semaphored to humanity. The mob had led Jesus to the Palace of Caiaphas, the High Priest, where the scribes and elders were assembled to condemn Him. All the disciples had forsaken Jesus and had fled—all except Peter, who followed at a safe distance and secluded himself in the outer hall of the Palace of Caiaphas. He was bold enough to follow, but not brave enough to admit his relation to the Christ. A damsel, so the narrative tells us, came unto him and said, "Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee," but Peter denied before them all, saying, "I know not what thou sayest." Later when he had gone out into the porch another maid said unto them that were there, "This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth." Again he denied with an oath, "I do not know the man."

It was obvious that Peter was trying to deceive his hearers, for the narrative goes on to say: "And after a while came unto him they (all of them—damsel, maid and others) that

stood by, and said unto Peter, 'Surely thou also art one of them for thy speech betrayeth thee'." Who uttered these words is not indicated by the text, but it is clearly implied that all approved them, for everyone had read the deception in Peter's words. And herein is reflected one of the most profound lessons in human life—Thy Speech Betrayeth Thee.

It is also interesting to note that this great lesson found its most forceful expression in respect to the speech of St. Peter, who, men say, will pass judgment upon each of us as we utter our entreating speech before the mighty Gates of Heaven. If in that Awful Presence our faltering words seem to betray us, let us hope Peter will remember the perplexity of that occasion on the porch of the Palace of Caiaphas, when even the damsel and the maid detected the deception in his speech and joined in the accusing chorus, "Thy Speech Betrayeth Thee." This is indeed a magnificent background for one of the great Traffic Beacons on Life's uncertain course. Such an origin lends emphasis to this mighty truth.

And perhaps this signal from the Eternal Semaphore is the most obvious of all human

experiences—so obvious indeed that to have discerned it gives slight proof of sagacity; but to have followed it, the surest evidence of wisdom.

Recognizing the stupendous difficulty man has in effecting the conquest of his tongue, thinkers of all time have sought to cast this lesson into impressive and enduring language. Observe, will you, this magnificent array of traffic signs pointing to this same peril on Life's highway:

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."—*Jesus Christ.*

"Of thine unspoken word thou art master; thy spoken word is master of thee."

"The tongue of the wise is in his heart, the heart of the fool is in his mouth."—*Solomon.*

"Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding."—*Solomon.*

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—*David.*

"Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."—*Will Carlton.*

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice."
—*Shakespeare.*

"If thou desirest to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue."—*Quarles.*

"Open your mouth and your purse cautiously; and your stock of wealth and reputation shall, at least in repute, be great."—*Zimmerman.*

"The tongue discovers the state of the mind, no less than that of the body; but in either case, before the philosopher or the physician can judge, the patient must open his mouth."—*Colton.*

"Silence is a true friend who never betrays."
—*Confucius.*

"The tongue of the fool is the key of his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping."
—*Socrates.*

"Silence is a great peacemaker."—*Longfellow.*

Here also are some clever expressions of recent origin which reflect the humorous side of this great truth:

"After all perhaps it is better to remain silent and be thought a fool, than to speak and remove all doubt."—*Elbert Hubbard.*

"It is best not to tell all you know; you may have to respond to an encore."

"Look out for your tongue, it is in a wet place and may slip."

"You can tell the kind of wheels a man has in his head by the spokes that comes out of his mouth."

And was there ever a more forceful mandate

than that which resounded all through our youthful days—the refuge of impatient parents and elders: "Shut your mouth!" Brusque indeed, and discourteous, and frequently unjust, but withal highly educational and beneficial. With that same boldness this flash from the Eternal Semaphore should always protrude across our pathway—"Thy Speech Betrayeth Thee."

Fortunate is he who can keep his speech under control. It has been my observation in life that men who are most truly sound and deliberate are slow to arrive at opinions and slower still to express them. They follow the motto of Sheridan, "I shall think; and thought is silence." It is this nature of man of whom Delile writes:

> "The wise man reflects before he speaks, the fool speaks and then reflects on what he has uttered."

Halifax pays a profound tribute to this characteristic in great men:

> "True merit is like a river; the deeper it is the less noise it makes."

At the base of this power lies knowledge, which is a stern check to the tongue. The greater the knowledge the fewer the words re-

quired to express it. Jeremy Taylor illustrates this truth beautifully:

> "Great knowledge, if it be without vanity, is the most severe bridle of the tongue. For I have heard that all the noise and pratings of the pool, the croaking of frogs and toads, are hushed and appeased when the light of a candle or torch is brought upon them. Every beam of reason and every ray of knowledge checks the dissolution of the tongue."

An eloquent expression of this truth is that ancient phrase, "Knowledge is power." But great knowledge does not always express itself through words. It often employs silence, but never loquacity, and always brevity rather than verbosity.

It is an endowment of great minds to have sense enough to speak well, and judgment enough to speak little. The old rhyme about the owl reveals the virtue and the advantage in this power:

> "A wise old owl lived in an oak;
> The more he saw the less he spoke;
> The less he spoke the more he heard;
> Why can't we be like that wise bird?"

Someone has summed up the case in these words: "The only successful substitute for

brains is silence." In Elbert Hubbard's dictionary, silence is defined as "a trick of the human gullet that conceals weakness or emptiness." Yes, silence conceals; but "Thy Speech Betrayeth Thee."

If knowledge bridles the tongue, ignorance as surely unleashes it. Quarles has tersely remarked that a full tongue and empty brains are seldom parted.

For the guidance of youth, someone has suggested that there is no better opening for a young man than his mouth—when he keeps it shut. My father gave similar advice to my older brother who was leaving home to take employment with a railroad construction crew: "My son, keep your feet warm, your head cool, your mouth shut and your eyes open; and you will get along all right." That counsel, my brother has frequently said, served him well on many occasions.

It has often been observed that the broadest assertions come from the narrowest minds. Holmes has reflected this truth in these picturesque words:

> "The smaller the caliber of mind the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth."

Pope, in his characteristic brilliancy, gives us this witty synonym upon the same subject:

> "It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out."

Upon this same thought someone has voiced the clever insinuation that the owl, if he could talk, would soon have no greater reputation for wisdom than has the parrot.

Have you ever observed that weakness usually expresses itself in high pitch and gets louder and louder as it becomes weaker and weaker? Noise has ever been the armor plate of mental emptiness, the headgear of arrogance. There is an old story about a colored lawyer who gave his young colleague this thoughtful counsel: "When the law is agin you, talk facts; when the facts is agin you, talk law; when both the law and facts is agin you, talk loud."

The chameleon is said to have the nimblest tongue of all animals. The chameleon, you will remember, is a lizard which has the power of changing its color. The zoologist tells us that the chameleon is a poor fighter and Nature has endowed it with this power of throwing off

different colors as a means of self-defense. Like this chameleon indeed are men of nimble tongues. They are as a rule poor fighters and to protect themselves against the inevitable inconsistencies in their speech they are compelled to display a panorama of ever-changing views.

There is a bit of tradition to the effect that Christ, when He was about to confer the gift of speech upon a dumb man, paused, looked up into Heaven and sighed, as if to hesitate before conferring such tremendous power and responsibility upon a human soul. Truly the Master may well pause, for speech is a mighty function of the soul, a faculty both perilous and powerful.

And have you ever attempted to appraise the power of gentle speech? Solomon paid it this noble encomium, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." That is indeed a dauntless achievement. What other faculty of the human soul could do it? But still greater things are achieved by gentle speech. It reveals discreetness and assurance in him who possesses it. It commands the attention, the confidence, and the admiration of those who feel it. It dispels fear, petulance and confusion. It begets

peace, serenity and deliberation. It converts enemies into friends and sinners into saints. It defies insolence, outwits brilliancy and represses tumult. Oh, the kingship of the gentle voice! It is the native anthem of greatness.

Let us peruse for a moment those superb and graceful words of Jesus, quoted above: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Peter was present when the Master in sharp reproof spoke those words to the Pharisees. No doubt Peter remembered them when he stood accused upon the porch of the Palace of Caiaphas. Who, indeed, could forget such words? Was ever noble truth more decorously attired? Here is the essence of truth and the quintessence of rhetorical elegance. Even from my childhood days I have remembered that illustrious sentence. It has been an ever-present signal on the highway of my life.

The most impelling thing in life is the heart's abundance, the dominating substance of the thoughts and feelings. Every heart has its own particular abundance which is ever and ever bursting through the doorway of speech. That abundance is the silent arbiter of our words.

To me it has always seemed a sad defect in Nature's plan that the cheapest and meanest emotions of the heart should command the freest use of the powers of speech. But so it is. To no mistress does the Tongue lend her service more generously than to garrulous Gossip. When Levity fills the heart, she also unleashes a frivolous and prattling tongue. Cheap Vanity vaunts and flaunts herself in pompous words, and loud Conceit brags and boasts and blusters. The Tongue runs itself breathless to serve Ill-temper. Lewdness shouts with ribald voice and flippant tongue, and even polished Oratory has ever been the slave of shouting Bigotry.

On the other hand witness Gratitude's ungifted tongue, striving with halting speech to declare the love it feels. Even exultant Joy half buries her rapture in silence, and mute Sorrow chokes the voice leaving only tears to bear her message. Benign Charity seals the lips, and grave Wisdom utters her cautious thoughts in briefest proverbs. But, even in this seeming miscarriage of Nature's purpose, there is a profound lesson. True greatness of heart does not require the endorsement of loud or clever speech.

And what is your heart's abundance, young man and young woman? It is a fine practice in self-examination to take stock of the heart. It is well to know what master is in control. And you will find it easy to take stock of your heart's abundance, for much of the inventory flows unconcealed from the lips. Try a twenty-four hours' check upon your speech. Trace the betraying words back into the heart, and scrutinize the emotions that send them forth. Thus only can you achieve the instruction of Socrates: "Know thyself." And knowing what the heart contains, fear not to judge it severely and to reprove it sternly. Self-knowledge, self-judgment, self-reproof—these are the hammer, the anvil and the forge in the workshop of character.

But the key symbol to this self-examination, the magic combination which unlocks the secret treasures of the heart, is this profound oracle of the centuries, this Beacon from the Eternal Semaphore—

"Thy Speech Betrayeth Thee."

FLASH FIVE

"The wages of sin is death."—PAUL.

"The way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death."—SOLOMON.

"Be Not Deceived: God Is Not Mocked: For Whatsoever a Man Soweth That Shall He Also Reap. He That Soweth to the Flesh Shall of the Flesh Reap Corruption: He That Soweth to the Spirit Shall of the Spirit Reap Life Everlasting."—*St. Paul.*

Here we have the most solemn and inexorable warning ever cast from the Eternal Semaphore, and surely it is the most brilliant and refulgent beacon ever molded into words. In all the wisdom of Solomon there is nothing more profound. It ranks with the noblest of Belles Lettres.

Mechanically this is a perfect signal. It catches the eye from afar:

"Be not deceived!"

It commands reverent attention:

"God is not mocked!"

Then follows a generality—an immutable law of life:

"For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

And then comes the specific warning, which we have made the theme of Flash Five:

"He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

Surely this is a master traffic beacon, reflected from the rich experience and the vivid imagination of St. Paul. It warns of graver peril than does the fog bell. It operates with truer precision than the electric signal. Its alarm is more startling than the siren's whistle. Its blazing ray is sharper than the arc light. It guards a more treacherous shore line than those protected by Dalén's unfailing coast lights, and its beneficent rays are thrown farther than those of the Polar star.

St. Paul has fashioned this marvelous roadsign about the beautiful and familiar figure of sowing and reaping, so common to the Scriptures. In this impressive metaphor the seeds sown are thoughts and deeds—on the one hand, lustful and sensuous thoughts; on the other hand, chaste and guileless thoughts. Such thoughts or deeds persisted in assure on the one hand a harvest of "corruption" or on the other a harvest of "life everlasting."

A Warning and a Promise

This grave lesson embraces at once a warning and a promise. The warning is intended to shield mankind against the severest penalty nature ever imposes—corruption. There is no condition more remorseful. It is the bottom of the pit of failure; it is the tragedy of despair, the hopelessness of depravity. It may be boldly affirmed that there is no condition of physical wreckage that may not spring from the excessive indulgence of the appetites and passions or from the uncleanliness of sin. But worse than physical wreckage are the corrupted morals, the depraved wills and the atrophied consciences, which follow in the wake of the sensuous life. Assuredly these were in the mind of Saint Paul when he wrote that thundering epistle to the Galatians.

The promise held forth to those who seek and find the way of the spirit is the crowning gift of success: "Life Everlasting." This is not merely the innate power to live on and on forever. "Life everlasting," as Saint Paul characterized it, is the soul's emancipation from the dominance of the flesh, the triumph of reason over passion. It is the consciousness of

one's kinship with the Divine, and an appreciation of the dynamic possibilities which abide in that kinship. It is the conviction that this seemingly brief and detached life is a significant link in the chain of eternity—an eternity which challenges man to exploit the infinity about him, and in that exploitation to realize the Divine which dwells within him. Such perspective of life is the normal heritage of those who "sow to the spirit."

The logic of this principle is so sound as to defy ridicule and so authoritative as to dispel doubt and argument, yet it is without taint of dogma or arrogance. It commands veneration, for it has the sanction of reason and experience. It involves the deepest mystery of life, and yet it is so clear that any youth can grasp it.

And is there in all life a more vital lesson? Always the choice lies before us—the way of the flesh or the way of the spirit. Life is in large measure a conflicting and contending duality. Nothing is without its opposite. At every forking of the road a decision must be made and each must be his own monitor, enlightened and guided by the experience and counsel of others.

Surely the most vital and far-reaching decision mortal life ever makes is just this choice between the way of the flesh and the way of the spirit. At first blush there would seem to be something supernatural and transcendent about this grave lesson. Not so; it is wholly natural and genuinely practical. This matter of the conquest of the flesh by the spirit is the key-principle of individual salvation. Through this process is evolved that character and manhood of which we have spoken as the reflected image of God. Little wonder, then, that great thinkers in all ages have taxed their imaginations to semaphore to humanity this profound truth. Let us study a few of the noblest of these signals, observing first those which warn us of the evil road—the way of the flesh.

He That Soweth to the Flesh Reapeth Corruption

"The way of the transgressor is hard."—*Solomon.*

"Pain is the outcome of sin."—*Buddha.*

"Our headstrong passions shut the doors of our souls against God."—*Confucius.*

"A youth of sensuality and intemperance delivers over to old age a worn-out body."—*Cicero.*

"The wages of sin is death."—*Paul.*

"The end of a dissolute life is a desperate death."
—*Bion.*

"Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a fiend."—*Shakespeare.*

"Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue."—*Bulwer.*
"The body of a sensualist is the coffin of a dead soul."—*Bovee.*

"Sensuality is the grave of the soul."—*Channing.*
"He that lives in the kingdom of sense shall die in the kingdom of sorrow."—*Baxter.*

"Sordid and infamous sensuality corrupts the entire heart and eradicates every virtue."—*Fenelon.*

"Lust is an enemy to the purse, a foe to the person, canker to the mind, a corrosive to the conscience, a weakness of the wit, a besotter of the senses, and finally a mortal bane to all the body."
—*Pliny.*

"The body, overcharged with excess, weighs down the mind together with itself and fixes to the earth that particle of the Divine Spirit."—*Horace.*

"Lust, when it is cherished, bringeth forth sin; and sin when it is cherished, bringeth forth death."
—*St. James.*

"Vice digs her own voluptuous tomb."—*Byron.*

"Sensual delights soon end in loathing, quickly bring a glutting surfeit, and degenerate into torment."—*John Howe.*

"God hath yoked to guilt her pale torment, misery."
—*Bryant.*

"He that is conscious of crime, however bold by nature, becomes a coward."—*Menander.*

"The blossoms of passion, gay and luxuriant flowers, are bright and full of fragrance, but they beguile us and lead us astray and their odor is deadly."—*Longfellow.*

"The passions are at once tempters and chastisers. As tempters they come with garlands of flowers on brows of youth; as chastisers, they appear with wreaths of snakes on the forehead of deformity. They are angels of light in their delusions; they are fiends of torment in their afflictions."
—*Henry Giles.*

He That Soweth to the Spirit Reapeth Life Everlasting

"What is a stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?"—*Shakespeare.*

"He is next to the gods whom reason, not passion, impels."—*Claudian.*

"Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment."
—*Colton.*

"The way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death."—*Solomon.*

"Innocence is like polished armor; it adorns and defends."—*South.*

"And a highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it . . . and wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."—*Isaiah.*

"To grow higher, deeper, wider, as the years go on; to conquer difficulties and acquire more and more power; to feel all one's faculties unfolding and truth descending into the soul—this makes life worth living."—*J. F. Clark.*

"To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the greatest prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue."—*Johnson.*

"The contemplation of celestial things will make a man speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs."

—*Cicero.*

"The end of life is to be like God, and the soul following God will be like Him."—*Socrates.*

"Spiritual progress is made by work, by sacrifice, by the practice of the Christian virtues, by benevolence, by self-denial, by resisting the adversary, by making valiant war for God and against sin."

—*Fowler.*

"A conscience void of offense before God and man is an inheritance for Eternity."—*Daniel Webster.*

The Verdict of the Ages

These defiant block signals represent thirty centuries of human experience. For three thousand years men who love their race have been posting Life's highway with these befriending semaphores. Surely we have here the verdict of the ages. These are all majestic traffic signals, but noblest of them all is the Master Beacon of St. Paul. Against the skyline of time it stands out like a mighty lighthouse upon the eternal hills—

> "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

Morality the Fruitage of Religion

St. Paul is regarded as the greatest advocate of the Christian faith. Is he not also the strongest advocate of the pure life? It is reassuring to observe that these two vital themes —the Christian faith and the pure life—should find their staunchest advocacy in one Christian soul. Is this not another evidence that re-

ligion and morality are kindred institutions, the latter being but the fruitage of the former? Let the moralist take note that the most brilliant signal ever erected for the moral guidance of mankind was fashioned and semaphored by St. Paul, who was foremost of all in his defense of the unswerving religious life.

Indeed morality needs the quickening influence of religion, for ceaseless vigilance is ever required to build a pure and strong life. Sin's practices are crafty and beguiling. In friendly confidence he whispers to you: "Nobody will ever know." In vaunting words he assures you of his personal courage and bids you match it. "I'll try anything once." He challenges you to be "a red-blooded man," "a sport"; and he deceives you with the age-old lie, "Everybody's doing it." These are some of the enticing road-signs Sin has erected along the highway to destruction. Against temptations hardly more flattering than these Christ uttered that decisive ultimatum: "Get thee hence, Satan!" It should be observed in passing that Satan on that spectacular occasion offered only material things. It was not within his power to bestow upon the Savior a single gift of the spirit.

Shun the Obscene!

Perhaps the most artful of all Sin's practices is the obscene story. Have you ever reflected upon the infamy of this practice? How indifferent we are to the evil instruction which this beguiling pastime imparts. Truly, there is no teaching more effective—effective for lewdness and sin. And legion are they who carelessly impart this carnal instruction, and count themselves clever. How these lessons cling to the mind! A perennial memory treasures them in all their base detail. Milton's noblest lines are forgotten, and with them the soul-guiding wisdom of Solomon and the loving Beatitudes of Jesus; but a filthy story, the rubbish and pollution of life, lives on and on everlastingly, the coarse heritage of every race and every age.

The lewdster who amuses himself and others in this base pastime is seldom aware of the dire mischief hidden in his speech. Obscenity is the hostile enemy of all noble virtues. It banishes modesty, beguiles innocence and assaults chastity. Indeed, it is not entirely harmless even where these three are wanting, for it stim-

ulates lustful desires and lures the soul to carnal excess and depravity. The vulgar story is Sin's frivolous comedy. For those whom this vile amusement enthralls he later stages his sad and dismal tragedies.

The essential element in personal purity is a guileless mind. In surgery it is more important that the instrument be clean than that it be sharp; likewise in the processes of personal education, it is more important that the mental instrument be clean than that it be clever. Young man and young woman, if you desire to achieve fair renown in this world, you will do well to "steer clear" of the lewd joke and the obscene story. You may not be able to keep these evils out of your ears but you can keep them out of your hearts and off your lips. If your mind is defiled by lewd and sensuous impressions, it is prepared for matriculation in the academy of sin, whose diploma of graduation is a certificate of depravity.

Licentiousness in outward conduct never appears until the mind has become defiled by impure imaginations. When the mind has become thus defiled, nothing is wanted but suitable opportunity to complete the moral catas-

trophe. Hence, the necessity of the most intense vigilance in the government of your thoughts. If you can succeed in crowding out of your lives this most insidious enemy of decency, the obscene story, you have defeated one of the greatest foes of mortal life.

Follow the River and You Will Get to the Sea

Several years ago I ran across a bit of Gaelic philosophy in these words: "Follow the river and you will get to the sea." This is another beautiful metaphor, drawn from the experience of travelers and explorers, who have always found it to be a true and safe rule of practice. Indeed, following the rivers and streams has been the first rule in explorations. And the metaphor is just as true and as real as the experience of which it is but a similitude. We are all following rivers—and we shall all get to the seas. To each of us life is an unknown region. We spend our days and exhaust our energies exploring it. Some are following the river of knowledge leading to the sea of usefulness and wisdom. Some are following the

river of industry, enroute to the sea of wealth. Some are on the way to the sea of friendship by the river of kindness. Some follow the river of "The Flesh" to the sea of "Corruption"; some the river of "The Spirit" to the sea of "Life Everlasting." Paul would have us believe that in our own personal lives we are all following one of these two rivers, all bound for the sea of destruction or the ocean of life everlasting.

Along which river is your craft moving, young man and young woman? To which sea are you bound? Remember, out at the end of the river lies the sea; if you follow the river far enough you will surely reach the sea. If you are drifting down the river of sensuality, bethink yourself. Resolve to turn from it, for that river leads inevitably to the "Sea of Corruption." Do you think you can pursue that river and avoid the sea at the end of it? That you cannot do. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

The truth reflected in this Gaelic philosophy has been repeated many times. Southey ex-

pressed it in these impressive words:

> "They who engage in iniquitous designs deceive themselves into thinking that they will go so far and no farther. One fault begets another; one crime makes another necessary. Thus downward they go into the depths of guilt, which at the commencement of their career they would have died rather than incurred."

Equally impressive are the words of E. H. Chapin:

> "The most fearful characteristic of vice is its irresistible fascination—the ease with which it sweeps away resolution and wins a man to forget his momentary outlook and his throb of penitence, in the embrace of indulgence."

Pope casts the same truth into this beautiful poetic stanza:

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

And here are others which drive home to our hearts this same stern lesson:

> "The chains of habit are too weak to be felt until they are too strong to be broken."—*Dr. Johnson.*
> "Vice leads, however fair at first, to wilds of woe."
> —*Thompson.*

"Let no man trust the first false step of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice whose steep descent in lost perdition ends."—*Young.*

"Impure thoughts awaken impure feelings, lead to impure expressions, and beget impure actions, and these lead to imbecility both of body and of mind, and to the ruin of all that is noble and pure in character."—*Simons.*

"To what deep gulf of sin a single deviation from the track of human duties leads."—*Byron.*

"No man ever arrived suddenly at the summit of vice."—*Juvenal.*

"One sin doth provoke another."—*Shakespeare.*

"It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops. One single sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through."—*Buxton.*

"This is the essential evil of vice, that it debases man."—*E. H. Chapin.*

"He that lies with the dogs arises with the fleas."
—*Old English Proverb.*

Convincing Testimony

Thus the testimony accumulates. In the brief pages of this chapter we have summoned forty witnesses to confirm the logic of St.

Paul's admonition, and they have all done so in language that cannot be misunderstood. These are competent witnesses, representing forty centuries of human experience. They are among the great thinkers of the race. Each of them has made a distinguished contribution to the heritage of the human family—contributions which cover not alone the fields of religion and morality, but the fields of literature, philosophy, statesmanship and science. Among them are Confucious, Buddha, Solomon, Isaiah and St. James, eminent personages in the great religions of the earth. Among them are Shakespeare, Horace and Bryant; Longfellow, Southey and Bulwer; Pope, Byron and Dr. Johnson—masters in the realms of letters. Among them are also Socrates, Cicero and Pliny; Channing, Fenelon and Baxter. What a noble array of witnesses! Surely these reflect the conviction of the ages in solemn corroboration of St. Paul's venerable warning:

> "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting!"

Then let us summon a million mothers and hear their loving counsel to their daughters,

and a million fathers and listen to the anxiety of their hearts as they warn their sons of the evils of vice. Then let us go to the hospitals, the clinics, the asylums and the prisons and hear the hopeless wailing of those who have been dragged down in the vicious net of sin and excess. Here will be found evidence irrefutable; that the way of the flesh leadeth to corruption.

Still Selling Indulgences

Students of human history will recall the contention which once arose in religious circles over the sale of indulgences by a great religious organization. That practice offended the religious ideals of the age. Under pressure of public sentiment the practice was discontinued, or greatly modified. But mankind is still selling indulgences. They are dispensed on every hand—not by priests, as of old, but by sophists. The disciples of these modern sophists greatly outnumber those of the ancient priests. Let us introduce a few of these sophists and examine the indulgences they dispense.

Among them are the quacks of the healing trade with their nameless cure-alls—Bottles, bottles, bottles; coiled wire; healing muds; electrical currents; mysterious drugs! There is no punishment decreed by Nature upon the violation of her laws that these beguiling sophists cannot cure. A recent boast is that they can replace decayed and degenerate human glands with the glands of the monkey or the rooster and thus restore lost manhood and repair the ravages of dissipation. What a miraculous subversion of Nature's laws! And gullible souls believe.

Another group of sophists is made up of thoughtless people who ridicule the prohibitory liquor law and thus encourage and condone violation of law. They have built up a new liquor traffic which has more sponsors than the old had spitoons. Among these sponsors are the screen, the drama, the vaudeville, the comic edition, the club, the popular song hit and the current joke. Through their ridicule of the prohibition statute these institutions have created a deluge of propaganda for law violation never before equalled in human history. They have made possible the most widespread, self-

destructive indulgence ever practiced by mankind. And pleasure-seeking dupes by the thousands indulge and die.

Hardly less malevolent is the sensational portrayal by the press of the private disclosures of the courtroom. The more lewd and sensuous these disclosures, the more desirable they are for publication. The modern daily paper is fast coming to be a textbook in criminal instruction; a handy supplemental text is the obscene and suggestive play. These two popular editions of criminal instruction may credit themselves with a vast contribution to the indulgent life of the present age.

Another group of the dispensers of indulgences—these modern sophists—are those sentimental people who send bouquets of roses to notorious criminals. These deluded people think they find the cause of crime, not in the dissolute lives of the criminals themselves, but in a strange trait of character in some remote ancestor or in the environment inflicted upon the criminals by an unthinking society. Under the influence of these misguided people the hand of the law has been steadily weakened in

its attempt to stem the tide of crime and lawlessness.

And then there are the advocates of free love and trial marriage, proposed adventures for mankind which threaten to wreck the home and annihilate the family.

Add to these the license with which the obscene is permitted—in dress, in language, in college humor, in vaudeville story, in nude performance—and you have given to human indulgence a momentum that will crash through every barrier raised by natural decency, by moral training, and by the fear of God.

The priest in his sale of indulgences required a confession, an expression of repentance, a promise to abstain and reform. And he exacted his fee. The sophist requires no repentance, no promises—but he collects his fee. The priest recognized law and proclaimed it immutable. The sophist brushes law aside, ridicules, defies and subverts it.

But deluded mankind continues to pay the penalty. We think we get our pleasures at low cost and upon easy payments, but we find ourselves paying the bills in the same old way.

Nerves still quiver and bones still ache. Hearts are still broken by infidelity and homes wrecked by discord. We still feel the taunts of remorse and the sting of accusing conscience. Sadly we awaken to discover that the sophists have deceived us and we are shocked that we should have purchased their indulgences.

Judd Gray, when asked by the court why he struck Snyder with a sash weight, cried out: "That's what I want to know!" Judd Gray had listened to the sophists; he had purchased their indulgences. He had followed the river of sin, until with delusive speed he had made his precipitous descent into the sea of destruction, from which with his bewitching companion he cried back, "Oh, why did I do it?"

An Age of Iconoclasm

You will also remember the Iconoclasts. Are we not today living in an age of reckless iconoclasm? Everywhere the traditional standards are assailed. Old theories are disputed, old methods are discarded, long-accepted truths of history are discredited, and ancient

and venerable codes of moral conduct are challenged. The iconoclast has little sense of discrimination. In the ancient days he destroyed the most sacred images and relics of the temples. The Twentieth Century iconoclast would demolish the noblest gifts of the ages. He proclaims that society is changing its standards, and he commends change—any change whatsoever. He has fashioned delusive philosophies that undermine the mandates of uncompromising morality. He has created and commercialized methods and devices to defeat Nature's laws and to nullify the hazards of immorality. He has weakened the strong arm of the law by the substitution of psychiatrists for jurors and boards of sanity for courts of justice. This unwarranted demolition of the social order is literally dynamiting the moral levees which restrain the floods of crime and corruption. A later generation will sadly turn itself to the stupendous task of repairing the ravages inflicted by this riot of iconoclasm.

This age does not so much need a new moral philosophy as it needs a reinforcement of the old—a conviction that the experience of seventy centuries has made some valid contributions to the store of human wisdom. Surely in seven thousand years mankind has found some truth with respect to the sources of success and happiness. If this immortal pronouncement of St. Paul is not true, then we make bold to affirm that there is nothing in human philosophy worthy of the slightest credence.

Nature's Wisdom Made Plain

In this matter of sowing to the flesh, Nature has written two laws: the law against excess and the law against uncleanliness. Violation of these laws she punishes promptly and severely. Her penalty may take the form of infected skin, hardened arteries, poisoned blood, decayed bones, atrophied nerves, consumptive lungs and cancerous stomachs. Whatever the penalty, the miserable victim pays it—to the uttermost farthing. And after that comes the "worm that shall not die": the corrupted morals, the self-condemnation, the depraved will, the voiceless consciences, the debauched lives,

and the faithless and Godless souls. What frightful penalty! Yet how compassionately Nature has shielded her creatures against it.

To countervail the essential pull of the vital emotions and passions, Nature has wrought into the souls of mortals a tender and reproving conscience, the Divine voice in the human soul. She has woven about youth the delicate fabric of modesty, at once the noblest ornament of the soul and the most vigilant defender of virtue. Into mortal blood she has poured sensitive shame whose ruddy image paints itself upon the blushing face. These are the soul's implements of warfare against aggressive passion. They are the monitors of mankind, the oracles of God.

It should be remembered also that there is nothing mysterious, occult or supernatural in the matter of sowing to the spirit. It is not something confined to the field of religion. It is the way of natural, wholesome life. It does not require the slightest renunciation of the normal and natural emotions and functions of life. On the contrary it leads to their fullest expression. A clean mind and natural life are normally close companions. Right living finds

its source in the abundance of the heart. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Those words of Solomon reveal a noble truth. With that same thought in mind he said to his son: "Keep then thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Know Thyself—Master Thyself

Young man and young woman, have you learned to take the soundings of your own soul? Can you interpret your heart's abundance? It is a simple matter. You will not need the assistance of neurologists or psychiatrists. As a man speaketh, so he thinketh, so he is. There is your key. Use it to unlock your heart. And when you discover your heart's contents, do not hesitate to appraise severely any dross you may find therein. Throw upon it the spotlight of knowledge; examine it under the microscope of hard sense; judge it according to the severest moral standards. Through all the ages sin has fought unscathed behind armor of triple plate: the insulation of ignorance, the camouflage of prudery, and the bravado of gay pleasure. And so

he fights today, despite our vaunted civilization. The youth of 1928 must make the same fight against sin as did the youth of Old Greece.

And, young man and young woman, the old truths must still be your monitors. Therefore open your hearts to counsel; read attentively the solemn lessons revealed in the experiences of mankind.

Cultivate a sensitive blush and a stern yet delicate conscience.

Cling to your modesty as to your life. It is Nature's rampart around the citadel of virtue. When that rampart is scaled, life's sacred treasure is imperiled.

Remember, vice debases and the guilt thereof torments and intimidates. There is little courage in a cringing conscience, but a guiltless heart knows no fear.

Shun that pleasure which lessens the relish of spiritual things and weakens your sense of the nearness of God.

When you approach any pleasure, count the cost of it. It should have the "warrant that it is without sin and the measure that is without excess." That pleasure is always baneful

which increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind.

Aspire to those pleasures which come from the gratification of your higher senses.

Grant no quarters to the so-called wild party. From it you can carry home only memories that sadden and weaken and intimidate. The majesty of self-control, the strength of cleanliness, the security of sinlessness—these are the precious stakes that are forfeitable in sensual pleasures.

Cultivate an admiration for the beautiful and you will find therein a potent antidote against low sensuality.

Remember, noble thoughts are your best friends, base thoughts your worst enemies.

Train yourself to the practice of reverence. It is an ennobling sentiment. No person will ever rise high who jeers at sacred things.

And thus, for your guidance, young man and young woman, we solemnly invoke this sacred and venerable monition of St. Paul. We would flash its soul-saving radiance upon every highway of life. With its beneficent rays we would illumine the darkest places. We would erect

it upon a tower higher than Ptolemy's Lighthouse. We would make it the Polar Star in the firmament of truth. With ever-increasing brilliancy we would flash upon your pathway this sublime beacon of the centuries, this noblest salutation from the Heavens:

"Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap. He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption: he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."—Galatians 6:7.

THE MAJESTY OF LAW

"I am law. I am Nature's way. I am old as God. I am the eternal path and besides me there is none else. Without me men wander in the labyrinth of death."—FRANK CRANE.

The Majesty of Law

The message of this brief volume cannot be fully expressed without a vigorous testimony to the grandeur and majesty of law. It must already be apparent to the reader that this work is in substance a study of certain immutable laws with whose influence upon human success and human happiness every individual must reckon.

Nothing in all human relationships has been accorded higher adoration than this thing we call law, truth or principle. The greatest intellects of all time have paid it their noblest encomium. Of Law men have said that it is Eternal—in its nature exempt from the limitations of time. They have said it is Immortal—immune to death and to the finalities which the mortal imposes. They have said it is Immutable—that it cannot be changed in its nature or modified in its application. They have said it is Irrevocable—that it cannot be revoked or annulled by any power known to man. Finally, men have pronounced Law to be Inexorable—literally of such nature that man cannot pray himself free from its inevitable consequences.

Five mighty words these: Eternal, Immortal, Immutable, Irrevocable, Inexorable! These are ancient words, historic words; rich, strong, vital words—words that reveal the organic development of humanity's conscious reasoning; words that reflect the growth-pangs and the peace-rapture of thousands of years of human experience. They are the accents in Time's deliberate eulogy of the Supreme. Never was mightier language marshalled to pay homage to majesty. And surely immutable law merits this tribute of the centuries.

In this connection let us peruse these strong sentences assembled from the writings of great thinkers:

"Truth is the gravitation principle of the universe, by which it is supported and in which it inheres,"
—*W. M. Evarts.*

"Laws are the silent assessors of God."
—*R. W. Alger.*

"Expedients are for the hour, principles for the ages."—*H. W. Beecher.*

"Truth and justice are the immutable laws of social order."—*Laplace.*

"Truth is the logic of the universe. It is the reasoning of destiny; it is the mind of God. And

nothing that man can devise or discover can take its place."—*Frank Crane.*

"I am law. I am Nature's way. By me comes order, unity. In my hand I hold three gifts: health, happiness, success. I am more clever than the cleverest. I am old as God. I am the secret of goodness; I am the horror of sin. I am the eternal path and beside me there is none else. Without me men wander in the labyrinth of death."—*Frank Crane.*

"There is no progress in fundamental truth. We may grow in knowledge of its meaning, and in the modes of its application, but its great principles will forever be the same."—W. RADCLIFFE.

"Falsehood is in a hurry; it may be at any moment detected and punished; truth is calm, serene; its judgment is on high; its king cometh out of the chambers of eternity."—JOSEPH PARKER.

"Truth is the most precious of all blessings; it is the eye of reason."—ROUSSEAU.

"Truth, like light, travels only in straight lines."
—COLTON.

But why this rigorous inflexibility of law? What eternal purpose is served? Is it a benediction or a malediction? The answer is apparent. The immutability of law is the assur-

ance of progress and the guaranty of justice upon the earth. These are the indispensable elements in humanity's well-being: Justice and Progress; and these could not exist if it were not for the immutability of law.

If the force of gravitation should be suspended for one moment, the earth would be annihilated. If iron, heated, should today expand, tomorrow contract, there could not be a machine shop in the world. If like did not unfailingly beget like, every hope of orderly life would be vain. If excellence were today the product of thoughtful labor, tomorrow the fruitage of indolence; if one might dissipate his energies and yet succeed, while another must forge his strength through exacting concentration—there would be no justice in life and there could be no formula of success and achievement. If willful slander did not undermine confidence; if shameless immodesty did not imperil virtue; if guilt did not torment conscience—who could be taught the way of honor and uprightness? The law, the principle, is the instrument by which man progresses and through which justice is assured.

What a profound manifestation of cosmic

wisdom that there should be wrought into the blueprints and specifications of nature and of life such salutary provisions for the success and happiness of mankind. Even the most skeptical must be led to conjecture the existence of a designer back of such a magnanimous design. Little wonder that the Psalmist, contemplating these things, should exclaim:

> "What is man, O Lord, that Thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man, that Thou visitest him. For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.
>
> Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet.
>
> O, Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!"

Man should rejoice that he lives in a universe so compassionately fashioned to promote his happiness and his success. In such a universe there is nothing of fatalism or predestination, and man becomes his own master through obedience to law.

William Ernest Henley, a hopeless cripple, glorifies this great truth in that immortal verse, "Invictus." I quote only the last stanza:

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

In such a universe it becomes the deliberate business of human society to discover law and to instruct and guide mankind in following it. And happily there are many agencies which recognize this obligation and which are discharging it zealously and intelligently. In the realm of moral and spiritual law, the church, of course, plays the leading role. Its basic textbook, the Bible, is a treasure house of truth and instruction. It has ever been the function of religion to discover and emphasize law and to persuade and exhort mankind to live in its light. Faithful devotion to this great service has won for the church the gratitude and the reverence of mankind.

The world-wide institution of public education is devoted to the same great purpose, though in broader scope, and its contribution to human welfare is incalculable. Other institutions and agencies beyond number are working to the same ends. The zeal of these institutions is the gauge of human progress, for surely

the greatest thing civilization can do for the human race is to teach it the justice and the immutability of law. "Learn the truth, and the truth shall make you free," is a saying ancient and wise. "Play the fool and pay the price," is of later origin but equally true and impressive.

If further testimony is needed to drive home this austere lesson, read these convincing words from men of experience:

> "The whole of life and experience goes to show that rightdoing or wrongdoing, whether as to the physical or the spiritual nature, is sure in the end to meet its appropriate reward or punishment. Penalties may be delayed but they are sure to come."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*
>
> "Every misery and every crime is evidence that Nature's laws have been transgressed."
>
> —*Elbert Hubbard.*
>
> "Crime and punishment grow out of the same stem. Punishment is a fruit, which, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure that conceals it."—*Emerson.*

And then reflect for a moment upon one of the most profound revelations of the Scriptures:

> "Though He were a son, yet learned He obedience by the things which he suffered."

And can you then violate and transgress the eternal laws and principles upon which happiness and success are predicated, and evade the punishment and failure that follow? You cannot; be assured of that. He is a wise man who recognizes the law and obeys it. The fool figures he can cheat the law and escape from the penalty.

Hence it follows that the highest token of human intelligence is obedience to law. Samuel understood this truth, when he exclaimed:

> "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat or rams."

And, verily so, for obedience brings all gifts, and best of all, the gift of freedom. Obedience is the vehicle of freedom, the organ of moral and spiritual growth. There is no growth, and there can be no freedom and happiness for him who has not learned to obey.

During the present decade man has achieved marvelous victories. He has explored the atom, he has extended the span of human life, and he has "hopped" across the ocean. Mighty is man, but all his victories rest on his knowledge of law and its application.

Young man and young woman, the admoni-

tion of this chapter is given, not so much that you might prepare for a heaven tomorrow as that you might be assured of happiness today. Devotion to law wins; defiance of law loses. Let this truth abide in your heart, and your life will be enriched beyond measure. Bulwer says: "The truths we believe in are the pillars of our world," and Demosthenes affirms that what we have in us of the image of God is the love of truth and justice. Somebody has projected the same thought in these words: "Truth will ever he unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error."

It has been said that advice, like water, takes the form and reflects the nature of the vessel into which it is poured. There is much truth in this clever similitude. In a shallow tray, a small amount of water spreads out over a vast surface, but lacks the stability which comes from depth. In a tall, thin vase water assumes a pretentious elevation and importance. In a sparkling cut-glass bowl the clear water takes on a vain brilliancy from the reflected rays of light. In a thermos bottle, the temperature, the freshness and the sweetness of the liquid are long preserved. In the sad

lacrimatory the calm fluid is dull and lusterless.

Pour water into a sieve and it falls through; pour it upon a hot griddle and it sputters and evaporates; pour it upon a sponge and it is quickly absorbed.

And so it is with advice when poured into the human soul. Some minds contain much, others little. Some seek advice but desire praise. Some haughtily reject counsel in the independence of conceit; others gracefully cherish it in the humility of confidence. Some test advice by application, prove it by experience, vitalize and refreshen it by noble example, and thus lovingly pass it on to others.

It is a fine stroke in self-examination for each of us to inquire: What sort of advice receptacle is my mind? And it is well to remember that it is a far greater achievement to receive advice and profit by it than to give it to others. There is often found among young people the impression that the past is stupid and old-fashioned. The peculiar charm of youth lies, of course, in the fact that it looks forward. Youth rarely appreciates that bit of Gaelic philosophy which says, "He that would

look before him must look behind him." What a wonderful power that youth has who, along with his zeal for the new, has yet the good sense to learn something from the experiences of others, who understands that Today is Yesterday's pupil, as Franklin expressed it. Socrates, Solomon and Paul are not moss-backs and generations yet unborn will find a place for their philosophy.

One of the most beautiful intimations of the Scriptures is that sacred reference to the "Still Small Voice." There is no greater gift in life than to possess a spirit so well in tune with the Infinite as to catch the inaudible promptings of that "Still Small Voice." It may be safely inferred that no ear shall hear that voice which has not trustfully inclined itself to hear and to heed the admonitions of just and upright men.

Upon this theme Solomon uttered one of his most fervent discourses. I quote it in part:

> "My Son, take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her; for she is thy life.
>
> Attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings. Let them not depart from thine eyes; keep them in the midst of thine heart. For they

are life unto those that find them and health to all their flesh.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

Put away from thee a forward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee.

Let thine eyes look right on and thine eyelids look straight before thee.

Ponder the path of thy feet and let all thy ways be established.

Turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy feet from evil."

How appropriate is this counsel today, in the year nineteen hundred twenty-eight! Well might every father address his son in these same words of paternal counsel:

"Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go, for she is thy life."

And well might every youth give solemn heed to this prophetic counsel:

"Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction; but he that regardeth reproof shall be honored."

For two hundred fifty years the Royal Observatory of England has stood upon its eminence at Greenwich on the Thames River. King Charles Second created this Observatory for

the advancement of navigation and nautical astronomy. From this point longitude is reckoned for all the earth. Here at one o'clock every day the exact time is registered and transmitted. Here in the magnetic pavilion are sheltered those master instruments by which the navigator standardizes and adjusts the minute and delicate devices upon which his enterprise depends for its safety and success. To the mariner of Great Britain, Greenwich is the shrine of nautical science. To this shrine has come for lo a quarter of a Millennium the ablest navigator, the wisest seaman. His instruments adjusted, each has gone forth confident, trustful.

Surely, then, young man and young woman, you must anchor your hopes to law, to truth, to principle. Let these be the lodestars in your lives. As the cautious mariner returns to Greenwich to adjust his timepieces, quadrants and micrometers, that his voyage upon the high seas might be made safe; so you should revert often and in solemn mien to the shrine of truth and law, that your feet might be securely guided over the perilous highways of life.

Frequently while traveling I have seen work-

men replacing and renovating the signals and traffic beacons along the highway. Likewise I have found it necessary to renew and repair those moral and spiritual beacons which chart the highways of my life. In the chapters of this brief volume I have brought into bold relief some venerable roadsigns erected on life's course long ages ago. These befriending semaphores are the common heritage of all people. They have been erected upon every highway and interpreted by every tongue. They are the proclamation of immutable law, of infallible principle.

Renewed and brightened, these traffic beacons are set out upon life's highway for you—not alone that you might find in them safe guidance for your feet, but that, beholding them, you might have deeper respect for all truth and, becoming signal-wise, make secure the pathway of your life.

Know then, O Youth, the majesty of Law, the sovereignty of Truth! Unguided by these, how impotent is man! Illuminated by them, how powerful! Truth is eternal. The Eternal is with him who has the Truth. Seek the Truth; hold fast to it. Then can you inscribe

upon your shield those words which Jehovah gave to Joshua, when he led his people into the Promised Land:

"Only be thou strong and of good courage: be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Eternal is with thee, whithersoever thou goest."

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

The Upward Reach

By

LEO J. MUIR

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By
LEO J. MUIR

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This Volume is
affectionately dedicated
to my Parents
WILLIAM SMITH MUIR
and
LUCY DARKE MUIR

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GOD THE ARCHITECT

Who Thou art I know not,
  But this much I know:
Thou hast set the Pleiades
  In a silver row;

Thou hast sent the trackless winds
  Loose upon their way;
Thou hast reared a colored wall
  Twixt the night and day;

Thou hast made the flowers to bloom
  And the stars to shine,
Hid rare gems of richest ore
  In the tunneled mine.

But chief of all Thy wondrous works,
  Supreme of all Thy plan:
Thou hast put an upward reach
Into the heart of man.

—*Harry Kemp.*

INTRODUCTORY

THE UPWARD REACH— A DIVINE GIFT

The Upward Reach—A Divine Gift

THE inspiration for this brief volume, and indeed the title which it bears, came to my heart a few years ago when I fell upon the delightful poem of Harry Kemp, which adorns the fly-leaf of this book.

Thus, a verse becomes the mother of a book; and the book will fully achieve the ambition of its author, if it can but give intelligent exposition of the gracious truth which is the soul of this lofty poem.

Let us bring that last verse again before our eyes. It is worthy of profound study.

> "Chief of all Thy wondrous works,
> Supreme of all Thy plan:
> Thou hast put an upward reach
> Into the soul of man."

Frequently the poet becomes a seer. His prophetic vision often penetrates to the heart of truth, revealing its essential principle—its very quintessence. Our poet friend has in these lines brought into relief a sublime truth, and he has given it noble emphasis. The authorship of this Upward Reaching of the soul is reverently ascribed to a divine source. Man has no faculty more truly

divine than this upward striving of heart. Is it not indeed the manifestation of his divine sonship? Is it not truly the Kingdom of God within him?

This exalted truth has found lodgment in other minds.

Shakespeare entertained it in these words:

> "What a piece of work is man:
> How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties!
> In form and moving, how express and admirable!
> In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a God!"

Carlyle left us this forceful paragraph:

> "He is of the earth, but his thoughts are with the stars. Mean and petty his wants and desires; yet they serve a soul exalted with glorious aims—with immortal longings—with thoughts which sweep the heavens and wander through eternity. A pigmy standing on the crest of this small planet, his far-reaching spirit stretches outward to the infinite, and there alone finds rest."

From Ovid, these impressive lines:

> "Thus while the brute creation downward bend
> Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend;
> Man looks aloft and with uplifted eyes,
> Beholds his own hereditary skies."

"Man may not cease his struggle to find God," says Reynold E. Blight. "There is a yearning at the soul of him that will not let him rest, an urge that compels him to attempt the impossible, to attain the unattainable. He lifts feeble hands to grasp the stars and, despite a million years of failure and millenniums of disappointment, the soul of man springs heavenward with even greater zeal than when the race was young."

And let us not pass unnoticed the exquisite poem of Theodocia Pearce, copied from her charming work, "Your Thoughts and You."

GOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL

God—Thou hast made the world so beautiful:
A flock of birds on pinions fleet and strong;
Then—though it were not yet enough to soar—
Gave to them song.

God—Thou hast made the world so beautiful:
A bower of green with roses gay abloom;
Then—though it were not yet enough to grow—
Gave them perfume.

God—Thou hast made the world so beautiful:
A million beings, souls their priceless gem;
Then—though it were not yet enough to live—
Gave love to them.

This Upward Reaching of the soul is the

starting point in all philosophy. It is part and parcel of the very nature and substance of life. The soul of man inherently reaches upward. You may weave about this truth all the laws of physical, mental and spiritual growth. Upward Reaching of soul is the theme, the motivation, in the Creative Design.

It is Nature's persistent invitation: Exploit me, solve my mysteries, command my forces!

It is the insatiable urge of ambition—

The irresistible challenge of the strong;

The stirring call of the lofty;

The majestic summons of the erect.

It is the fascination of distant hilltops and far horizons—

The persuasive charm of guilelessness;

The deathless attraction of the beautiful;

The alluring motive of human love.

It is the unfailing urge of faith—

The clarion voice of Truth in mighty anthems;

The inspiring salutation of the "Still, Small Voice;"

The everlasting valediction of the Almighty.

PART ONE

THE GOAL OF MAN'S UPWARD REACHING IS GODSHIP

Growing Toward God

UPWARD REACHING implies an endless quest for things above us. If man is endowed with the instinct of upward striving, it logically follows that this upward reaching is endless and insatiable. Man will never cease to reach, to strive, to aspire. In this upward progress there are no terminals, no finalities.

Eternal life means eternal growth—it can mean nothing less than that. Credulous people frequently fall into the error of believing that through one outburst of religious zeal they have accomplished salvation. A mere confession of guilt is often regarded as the essential act in attaining salvation. This is one of the regrettable fallacies of religion. Salvation is not something we can get to, or sit down with, or embrace. Salvation is a thing of growth; it is progress, attainment, upward reaching. Salvation is not a place, it is not a depot, it is not a landing port. It is a process. Man is ever and always effecting his salvation, but it is never completely achieved.

It is unthinkable that even the Divine has

achieved everything, that He has reached every level of intelligence and power. We speak of Him as almighty, omnipotent, omnicient. These are only relative terms. Compared to ourselves, He is all-powerful and all-wise; but there are works He will yet aspire to do. There are tests of intellect which will yet challenge His omniscience. Observe the profound study with which He undertook the problem of the world's creation. Ponder those words of Genesis: "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Here was omniscience seeking greater knowledge, omnipotence seeking increased power! Here was the Almighty in deep study, analyzing His problems, surveying His task!

If you want proof of His wisdom, note what followed: "And God said: 'Let there be light.' " Darkness has defied His study. Even He, the Almighty, must see His task clearly, if He would accomplish it. A study of the Divine edicts which followed in the creation of this earth, as recorded by Genesis, reveals repeated evidence that the Almighty was thinking His way and studying His task.

And remember, if the Creator found occasion for study in the fashioning of this world; it is only logical to assume that He still finds increasing intelligence essential to His progress.

We may conclude, therefore, that growth and achievement, not eternal bliss and happiness, are the elements out of which life eternal is fashioned—that salvation is a question of growing and achieving. They who expect to arrive at a place of eternal peace and rest in some future life will be disappointed. Peace and rest are the elements out of which senility and death are fashioned. The peace which immortal life offers is the peace of soul which follows the assurance of progress.

Salvation is not perfection; it is progress toward perfection. It is intelligence, increasing; power, unfolding. "The glory of God is intelligence." This is a widely accepted tenet of religion. Moreover it is sound theology. Yes, it is noble theology, and incontrovertible. May we not accept what seems to be the reasonable corollary: "The glory of man is intelligence?" Power

in its essence is intelligence. Supreme power is maximum intelligence.

There is another pronouncement of theology appropriate to this discussion. It is one of the choicest axioms in religious philosophy: "A man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge." The author of that statement has attached a speedometer to man's success in achieving his salvation. That speedometer registers the speed with which man acquires knowledge, and thereby gauges his success in the matter of being saved. Such, however, is not the popular salvation of the weak or of the slothful, but it is the only genuine salvation.

Pursuing this thought, it is logical to inquire: What is the goal in this upward reaching of the human soul? Toward what End is the soul of man striving? We shall find our answer in a third postulate of theology: "As God is, man might become; for as man is, God once was." Here is a profound lesson in evolution; and evolution, you may be sure, is the method of the Divine. The super-evolution, expressed in this august doctrine of religion, is the crowning stroke

in evolution, in Divine method, in Eternal design.

Man's goal, therefore, is Godship, which is but the unfoldment and realization of his eternal nature.

Eternity, Infinity, Man

THERE are only three things in the Universe, if we may speak in general terms. First of all there is as apparent eternity of time—an endlessness of the passing thread of existence. Then there is an infinity of substance, of things existent, of opportunity, all of which are awaiting the application of human intelligence for their exploitation. Finally there is man. These three—Eternity, Infinity, Man—are essentially all we see about us.

If we admit the existence of a Creator, or a Creative Genius, or Force, or Power, we must assign to that Genius or Power the attribute of intelligence. How, otherwise, can we explain the august setting in which man finds himself? Man—in the bosom of infinity, in the midst of eternity! Infinity—the inexhaustible subject matter of existence! Eternity—the endless ladder of achievement!

It will require eternity for the exploitation of infinity, and what a wealth of power and capacity will be developed in man, the exploiter, working everlastingly in this laboratory of inexhaustible opportunity!

Not only is there revealed here the attribute of intelligence in the Creator; there is also the evidence of deep parental concern for the welfare and progress of man. Why, otherwise, should man be so auspiciously endowed, except that through these endowments, he might realize the Divine that dwells within him? "As God is, man may become." How? Through his exploitation of the infinity about him throughout eternity.

It would be stupid to attempt to fix limitations upon the intelligence, the power, or the majesty to which man may arise! When God said: "Let us make man in our image," He provided that there should be incorporated into the very being and nature of man the semblance of the Divine. He gave him this upward reaching of soul. He gave him an insatiable desire toward spiritual attainment. He gave him tendencies toward integrity, justice and truthfulness. He gave him the power to grow, to aspire, to achieve, to realize the full measure of his destiny. He threaded through his being the vital forces that belong to life and to the Kingdom and heirship of God Himself.

Christ, The Exemplar

AS MAN reaches upward he finds Christ to be his great exemplar. His matchless life reveals the truest and strongest elements in human expression. His precepts point the unfailing way to happiness. The life of Christ is a majestic beacon, pointing forever upward. His promises are founded upon eternal law.

John tells us He once spake these words: "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

Luke brings to us these glad tiding: "Fear not, little flock, for it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."

Mark remembers this auspicious promise of the Master: "Therefore, I say unto you, what things soever, ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them."

And then again John records the triumphant proclamation: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." What exultation Christ must have experienced as He uttered those assuring words to His disciples!

And the inference is plain that somehow

His conquest of the world guaranteed theirs —as it guarantees ours. But His was a spiritual conquest. He had overcome the world's pleasure-seeking, its childish regard for glitter, its selfishness, its hatred of goodness, its imbecility in opposing divne purposes. This He had achieved by resisting the world, by showing himself actually superior to its most powerful influences.

Christ's life is at once experimental and authoritative. It covers the greatest of all themes: "How Life Should Be Spent." His overcoming the world is not merely a private victory—it is a public good also, because in His living the perfect beauty of a life devoted to eternal and spiritual ends is conspicuously shown.

We might inquire further as to His method of overcoming the world, and we shall find our answer in His own precepts: "Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good."

That was Christ's method and it is the method of Science—yes, the law and the procedure of nature. This law is orderly evolution. It is the principle of substitution through which the low is displaced by

the high, the weak by the strong, the unfit by the fit, the old by the new. It is the law by which Time made the Canadian Rockies, the Mississippi Valley and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The principle of substitution is Time's gentle handmaiden. This law is effectively applied by Paul in the following instructions to his brethren:

"Finally, brethren,
Whatsoever things are true,
Whatsoever things are honest,
Whatsoever things are just,
Whatsoever things are pure,

"Whatsoever things are lovely,
Whatsoever things are of good report;
If there be any virtue
And if there be any praise—
Think on these things.

"Those things which ye have both learned and received and heard and seen in me, do; and the God of Peace shall be with you."

Probably there is no circumstance in the life of Christ which more clearly reveals the upward impulsion of His teachings than His appearance one Sunday morning at the

pool in Bethesda. You will remember the story. Five little porches or platforms had been built about that quiet pool. The Master found in these porches a great multitude of impotent folk, hopeful of being healed of their infirmities. There was a tradition that at a certain season an angel went down into this pool and troubled the water. Whosoever stepped into the water first thereafter was cured of his infirmities.

As the Master stepped into the presence of these impotent folk this Sabbath morning, His eyes fell upon one who stood in greatest need of His ministrations. This was a man who had been afflicted thirty and eight years. There he sat disconsolate, waiting for the bubbling of the water, trusting that by some chance he might be first to get into the pool, and thus be cured of his malady.

The Master, with the keen eye of a trained physician, singled out this unfortunate fellow and startled him with the impelling question: "Wilt thou be made whole?" The frail invalid caught the rebuke in the Master's interrogation. He hastened to mani-

fest his sincerity. He assured the Master he desired to be made well, but that always some other came first into the pool and claimed the blessing he had sought.

Satisfied as to the sincerity and faith of this man, who had been sick thirty and eight years, the Master roused him with this powerful command: "Rise, take up thy bed and walk!"

Here indeed is masterful speech. Seven terse, simple words! Yet they ring with power and with promise! They are full of action—action that reaches upward and moves forward. Note the three commanding verbs: "rise," "take up," "walk." The first brings the invalid to his feet—to an erect posture, to a confident reliance upon the strength of his limbs, those limbs thirty and eight years afflicted! The second commands that the inticing roll of bedding be picked up, rolled up, and thrown over the shoulder—that bed into which he was wont to fall and upon which he had so long nurtured his feebility. The third, "walk," enjoins him to get about in the world, to resume his labors, to move with intrepid pace upon those erstwhile enfeebled limbs.

And John calmly asserts, as if there could be no doubt about it: "And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed and walked."

The stirring mandate of the Christ had aroused in this impotent man a power long dead—*The Will to Arise.*

Not alone this impotent man has been quickened by the upward call of the Christ. Legion are they who abide in His word and are made free and are lifted up by the truth therein.

And still abides this generous invitation to commune with him:

> "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come into him and will sup with him and he with me."

In that cordial communion, there are still those who wander with Him about the Sea of Galilee and up into the mountain where gracious beatitudes are uttered unto them.

There are still those whose loftiness of heart admits them into His presence upon the Sacred Mount where He is transfigured and glorified. These, like Peter, proclaim

those rapturous words: "Master, it is good for us to be here!"

There are still those who, like Simon of Cyrene, have the signal honor of being "compelled to bear His cross." These, we may be assured, will be foremost to enjoy His deathless promise:

> "And I, if I be lifted up from the Earth, will draw all men unto me."

There are still those who, like the eleven disciples in the mountains of Galilee, may sit with Him fearlessly and hear His auspicious promise:

> "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the World."

PART TWO

UPWARD REACHING, THE SUPREME REFINEMENT OF LIFE

"Up"

"UP" is a little word and perhaps an ugly word; but it connotes goodness, strength, courage, progress. Observe the power reflected in these terse mandates: Wake up! Get up! Stand up! Brace up! Hurry up! Cheer up! Is there not in these vigorous thoughts the vital energy of all human philosophy?

Reaching is one of the noblest of pursuits. Upward reaching is the supreme refinement of life. Too many of us have lost our power to reach upward, and yet there are alluring things ever and ever tempting us to aspire. Each morning the rising sun beckons our eyes upward. As that sun slowly mounts the arc of Heaven we are challenged to lift our souls with it. At night the moon pierces the star-decked sky, again drawing us upward.

Someone has reminded us: "A Man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's heaven for?" Another has remarked: "So long as there are human beings who reach for the stars the world will go on."

Recently I clipped this from Arthur

Brisbane's popular column, Today: "Man's progress depends on his innate hatred of amounting to nothing. All that men have achieved in their one million years of existence on this earth, all the marvels they have accomplished in the twelve thousand years since the late stone age, are due to the desire to be something. Human nature has a horror of inconspicuousness. Men hate to amount to nothing."

This upward reaching is the possession of all mankind, a universal gift. God is democratic. To each human heart He has given this vehicle of mortal success and happiness, this quenchless desire. But it is not a mere striving for endlessness of life. The assurance that life goes on and on interminably is not sufficient to appease this God-like upward striving of the soul.

There are instincts of the spiritual nature, just as there are instincts of the physical nature. While this upward reaching of the soul exerts its influence upon physical life, it is essentially a spiritual force. It is a striving to achieve the "Divinity that shines within us." It is the motive, the theme, of

the Cosmic process, whose stupendous momentum is ceaselessly forging the spiritual perfection of humanity.

A Lesson From The Sparks

RECENTLY I had the pleasure of attending a fathers' and sons' outing. When the sports of the day had ended, two hundred fathers and sons gathered about the campfire that they might sit close and get acquainted with each other. A huge pile of dead wood had been gathered to keep the fire bright during the evening. The setting was superb. A calm stream moved gently by and just beyond arose a huge cliff. The moon approaching mid-sky seemed to be scaling this lofty peak. There sat these fathers and their sons, their hearts awake to Nature's teachings.

A great lesson came—a lesson from the sparks of the bonfire. Such sparks they were! Some burst vehemently from the burning embers, only to vanish in the darkness a few feet above ground; some floated calmly into the sky, their undying light visible far into the heavens; some, shooting like meteors, rose straight upward, challenging the eye to measure their ascent. Some, huge chips they seemed to be, burst forth to fall and sizzle upon the ground.

How like sparks are men! The distance to which the spark may arise is measured by the manner in which it reduces itself to flame. The heights to which men arise are determined by the degree to which their souls may be quickened by the fire of aspiration.

A splinter of wood, embedded in soil and dirt, will arise but feebly, the weight of dirt upon it speedily bringing it back, its flame consumed. Smilarly, men often fail to achieve their nobler aspirations, because they cannot carry upward the weight of dross and dirt and debris clinging to their souls.

Each of us may well make this personal inquiry: "Is my mind free to arise? Is my heart unburdened of its pollution? Am I weighted down by dross and earthliness? Am I trying to carry up with me too much of the sediment of the earth? Am I quickened by the Upward Reaching Power within me?"

PART THREE

UPWARD REACHING THROUGH PURPOSEFUL RESOLUTIONS

"I will seek the Good and the Beautiful."
"I will think high."
"I will think resolutely."

I Will Seek The Good and The Beautiful

LET this resolution claim your imagination and observe what vast discoveries you will make.

You will be charmed to learn how full earth is of goodness and beauty.

Emerson left us this pleasant thought: "As much of heaven is visible as we have eyes to see." We may safely add: As much of heaven is audible as we have ears to hear.

How much of heaven do you see? How much of heaven do you hear?

Perhaps we have made a mistake in projecting heaven into the far distant future. We have characterized heaven by vague and indefinite words, and have given it a remote and indistinct location. "Sometime, somewhere" are words typical of our placement of heaven.

How fine a thing it would be if we could substitute "Now and Here" for "Sometime and Somewhere." There are thousands of people who are enjoying heaven here and now; who, because of the goodness of their lives, the charm of their service to

others, the growing richness of their intelligence and the grace of their spirituality, are actually enjoying the rich fruition of heaven here and now. These have eyes to see the beauty and ears to hear the melody of the heaven which surges about them. They have found the good and the beautiful in nature and in mankind.

The admonition that we should lay up treasures in heaven must not be taken too literally. Let us think of "treasures of heaven," rather than "treasures in heaven." In other words it is prudent to seek those acquisitions which are a part of the soul, which belong to heaven, which have eternal value, and among the choicest of these is the faculty of finding the good and the beautiful in life.

In a cupola atop one of the office buildings in Los Angeles is the odorous laboratory of an assayer. Here a thrifty Scotchman frees gold from dross. This daily quest of the rare and the precious has refined the soul of this industrious chemist. Though more than eighty years of age he has the foot-fall of a boy and the gladsome heart of a child.

Last year he journeyed back to the old

home. He took the Air to New York, the Water to Liverpool. Then he covered Western Europe by Air.

His audacious soul, up-bound, has found the luster and the charm in living. The Upward Reach in his heart has been nobly unleashed. His ceaseless search for gold has been rewarded.

He has found the good and the genuine and the precious in life.

Artists at Work

TWO artists entered a beautiful park on the morning of July 5th. The park was "messed up" with paper napkins, candy boxes, banana peelings, cigar stumps—the litter of National Patriotism.

Each artist painted a picture. One didn't see the candy boxes, the banana peelings, the tips of cigars. He saw beauty in nature —the landscape, the trees and sky mirrored in the glassy lake. His was a magnificent picture! The other saw the paper napkins, and banana peelings. He lacked the genius to look around them, and so they got into his picture. It was spotted with cigar stumps and paper boxes and refuse of this sort and that. He saw the rubbish. Why shouldn't it appear in his picture?

We are all painting pictures. Minds are made up largely of pictures—your mind and mine. Our friends are but pictures in our memories—moving pictures, perhaps. Let us look some of them over, as they pass before Memory's eyes. What are these conspicuous things we see, faults or virtues? Our picture is littered up with spots and

specks. Ugliness and oddity—like paper boxes and cigar stumps—are crowding their way to the center of the picture. The serene loveliness of character is obscured and hidden by trifling flaws in disposition or in personality.

Oh, some pictures there are in which we have generously overlooked the flaws and faults! It was easy not to see the banana peelings and cigar stumps. Through a kindly glass we beheld our friend. Why not always thus?

All pictures will be fairer, if we can catch the spirit of Bolton Hall:

> "I looked at my brother with the microscope of Criticism and I said: 'How coarse my brother is!' I looked at him with the Telescope of Scorn and I said: 'How small my brother is!' Then I looked into the Mirror of Truth and I said: 'How like me my brother is!' "

Those lines should help even the most austere of us to keep the spec (k) out of inspection.

A pessimist has been defined as one who sees microbes in the milk of human kindness. "The optimist churns the milk of human

kindness into cottage cheese; the pessimist, into Limburger cheese."

Elbert Hubbard gives this admonition:

> "Don't lose faith in humanity. There are over a hundred ten million people in the United States who have never played you a single nasty trick."

"Live the love-tinctured life," says Henry Knight Miller, "and you will soar to sun-kissed summits, bearing your fellows aloft, drawing men with irresistible compulsion. You will be for many as the shadow of a great oak at summer's noontide, as an oasis in desert places, a crystal fountain to thirsty lips."

In this same delightful mood there comes to my mind another thought whose authorship I do not remember:

> "If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the heart of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God."

We are all artists at work. If we would portray upon Life's canvas the "good" and the "beautiful," we must find these qualities everywhere about us.

Which: Weeds or Flowers?

ONCE a King was advised that poisonous weeds were destroying his kingdom. In his anxiety, he sent forth botanists to check this report. These scientists traveled far and wide searching for poisonous weeds. Their work done, they returned and made report to the king. Surely, the country was being ruined by poisonous weeds. Their tabulations were voluminous and convincing.

However, someone else protested that, on the contrary, the realm of the king was a veritable bed of wild flowers. Relieved by this thought, the king sent others forth to find and catalog the wild flowers in the domain. These also searched far and wide. Everywhere they found beautiful wild flowers. Returning, they gave their report to the king, equally voluminous and convincing.

The first looked for poisonous weeds, the others for the beauty and fragrance of wild flowers. Each found what he sought.

Emerson reminds us that if we will take

the good we find, asking no questions, we shall have heaping measure.

From the gentle heart of Lincoln comes:

> "Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower wherever I thought a flower would grow."

In like mood, these glad tidings from David Swing:

> "Evil is unnatural—good the natural state of man. Earth has no hopeless islands or continents. We live in a redemptive world. Poverty will end; sin will die; love will triumph, and hope will plant flowers on every grave."

In words as stately as the theme they bear, Thomas Hood exhibits the very core of this philosophy:

> "I heard the croak of the raven and thought of the song of the nightingale; I smelt the smell of the mold but thought of the violets it nourished."

Let us close this theme with lines of Rupert Hughes:

> "It is part of the pity of life that beautiful truths are the hardest to accept and the most dismal lies the easiest."

"There are still millions of people running around loose who think that ignorance is a virtue, a duty. Perhaps the majority of people are of that opinion, but what a hideous opinion!"

"One by one the rose leaves fall, but it takes a hurricane to knock the burrs off thistles."

The Kingdom of Heaven At Hand

MANY years ago a story came to me of a widowed mother on an Idaho farm. Her five children were small and powerless to assist her in exploring the resources of an extraordinary farm, which had been the pride of her husband and the object of his devotion and labor. To this widowed mother these vast acres were an insuperable burden. They defied her feeble efforts; they worried her.

In a moment of anxiety she resolved to sell the property and summoned a realtor to effect the sale. With keen eye and sharp pencil this alert salesman surveyed the farm from fence to fence. His data obtained, he sat beneath the protetcing shade of a Box-elder tree near the cottage and there fashioned the advertisement which he felt sure would bring a quick sale.

He knew the art of selling, as his lucid description of the property fully revealed. Confidently he called the lady forth from her domestic labors to hear what he had written.

She sat with her apron thrown about her hands and listened as this specialist read his story. He told of the deep black soil of inexhaustible fertility. He traced the streams and brooklets of life-giving water threading their way through field and meadow and pasture. He told of the deep grasses, the bounteous crops of grain and the complacent cattle in the fields.

There was a touch of tenderness in his description of the home—a half old-fashioned cottage set modestly back from the roadway. Huge shade trees protected it from the sun and wind; hollyhocks bowed their colorful heads in the front yard, patches of unkept lawn lured the weary to rest; an old oaken bucket hung enticingly in the well. All this, and more, was vividly portrayed.

The skillful salesman waxed eloquent. The widow raised the apron to her eyes. He noted her emotion and paused in his reading. Recovering her composure, she said with choking voice: "Well, I truly desired to sell the home; but you have awakened in my soul so many fond memories of the dear old place that I cannot part with it. I am

resolved to keep it, to treasure it however great the labor."

This mother had suddenly caught the meaning of that stirring proclamation of John the Baptist: "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

And let us pause to reflect that the best proof we shall ever give of our progress in reaching upward will be the fact that we have learned to labor cheerfully with the tools at hand and with the people close about us; that we have discovered goodness and beauty all around—that we have found the Kingdom of Heaven at hand.

Unpretentious Poles

WHO has not frequently beheld the drab monotony of a line of telephone poles, regimented in undulating array, as they taper to a vanishing point in the far distance?

And yet there is something majestic in this martial file of dumb, darkened trees whose artficial limbs, distended in calisthenic order, carry the hair-like conductors over which myriad messages fly hither and yon.

Did you ever ponder the constancy of these dumb poles? For years they stand tireless and unwavering. Rooted in the earth, yet they perform a service lofty and sublime.

Once they were living trees, giving no service and drawing their sustenance from the enriching earth. Now, dead, they serve; they have found their lives in losing them.

And how humble they are, standing unconscious, unboastful, unpretentious, as they sustain the communication system upon which the modern world survives!

They manifest no pride, no envy, no con-

tention. They vie not with each other for preference or position. They only serve.

"He that would be greatest among you, let him be servant unto all."

I Will Think High

IN his Upward Reaching man is lured from above, not lifted from beneath. If there is nothing above his vision, enticing his interests and challenging his aspiration, he cannot arise. The notable achievements of life have followed man's reaching for the stars.

Someone has remarked: "You have to think high to rise."

Lowell's prayer sustains the same lofty thought: "What is dark in me, illumine; what is low, raise and support."

Man could have no greater gift than the fulfilment of that prayer in his behalf. With light upon his pathway and a high purpose in his heart, what can man not accomplish?

Bulwer leaves the assuring promise: "Dream manfully and nobly, and thy dreams shall be prophets."

Lowell assures us: "Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

Therefore, commit yourself to this resolution:

I Will Think High!

There is a dual meaning in this high resolve. There is direction, and there is action. There is loftiness of aim, but primarily there is "thinking."

Thought is matter; thought rules the world. Thinking is intelligence at work.

The highest reaches of the soul have followed, and can only follow, the challenging beacon of intelligence.

"Mind is the measure of man." There is nothing higher in human attainment, and nothing more perfect, than a chaste intellect. Chastity of mind is indeed more difficult to achieve than chastity of heart. Purity of intellect is the crowning perfection of life.

But your thinking must be high, if you hope to arise. Man scales the heights of achievement upon the ladder of his upturned thoughts.

He cannot think high whose head is bowed with worry and despair. He will not think high whose heart is bent upon base desires. He cannot think high whose soul has lost the quickening power of faith.

Sometime while you are walking try this

practical experiment in upward reaching. Cast your eyes upon the ground. Focus your vision upon the pebbles and the grass blades at your feet. In a moment you will see them very clearly. You seem to be close to them. Your stature is shortened. You are a diminutive being, a pigmy.

Lift your eyes suddenly to the tree-tops, to the sky. Focus your vision upon the clouds. Soon you are lifted toward them. How tall you seem! And how gently you have grown since you lifted your eyes from the pebbles and the grass blades! How vast the contrast!

This physical experiment is typical of the growth in moral courage that comes to him who thinks high—who lifts his thoughts from things lewd and ignoble and fixes them upon the pure and the lofty.

He who looks downward relaxes his energies and represses his ambitions. He who looks upward amplifies his perspective and exalts his purpose. Ambition urges him and aspiration waits upon him.

Astronomers boast of a death rate fifteen to twenty per cent below the average. Keen interest in some lofty enterprise is the most

wholesome health tonic ever concocted. The study of astronomy is a high enterprise, which intrigues interest amazingly. Hence the low death rate among students of the stars.

A beautiful adaptation of this experience is found in Whitman's lines:

> "Keep your face toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you."

And finally:

Hope nobly!
Aspire grandly!
Achieve magnificently!
"Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,
As the swift seasons roll. . . ."

"I Will Think High!"

The King and The Architect

Upward Reaching That Failed

THERE is a story about an ancient king and an architect. And a wonderful story it is—the story of an upward reaching that failed. The zeal which impelled upward was nullified by the rubbish and debris of selfishness. The King was Ptolemy Philadelphus of Egypt. Sostrotus was the architect.

Somebody had quickened the pride and ambition of Ptolemy by the suggestion that a lighthouse should be built on the shore of the Mediterranean to protect the seamen on those dangerous waters. Ptolemy saw in this undertaking a highway to fame and honor.

In regal fashion he set about his task. The architect was sent abroad to study lighthouses and to bring home plans for the noblest of all lighthouses. All plans perfected, the King imposed burdensome taxes on the people that this auspicious and costly edifice might be promptly erected.

Sostrotus perfected the plans, personally

supervised every minute detail, sparing no time or energy. That lighthouse was to bless the world. Mariners from every clime would see its noble beacon from sixty miles distant. They would find the safe channels and avoid the dangerous rocks. Thousands would manifest their gratitude to the King whose benign thoughtfulness had performed this gracious deed.

But the King desired his fame to endure. He requested that his name should be engraved upon a huge marble slab conspicuously placed upon the front of the lighthouse.

Sostrotus was also ambitious. His genius had designed this noble monument. His labor had brought that design into form and being. He too wanted to be remembered.

In the privacy of his workshop Sostrotus deceived the King. In the marble slab he carved his own name and the record of his achievement. Skillfully he covered the marble slab with a lime coating in such fine workmanship that no observer's eye detected the sham. In this artificial facing he carved the words, "Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt," with appropriate historical

data. The slab was given its conspicuous place in the fore wall of the building. There it stood, a thing of beauty, an appropriate frontispiece in one of the "Seven Wonders of the World."

The years passed by rapidly. Soon King and architect were gone. Pharos at Alexandria stood as the mightiest sentinel of the sea.

But lime is not marble, however close the counterfeit. The winds, the sun, the moisture of the sea—all played upon the fictitious slab. The lime chipped off bit by bit until the entire coating had fallen away. Then one day men saw in bold relief the name, "Sostrotus, the Architect."

That lighthouse was the child of a generous purpose. In its beauty and strength were invested the finest workmanship and the noblest industry. Its creators deserved a place in the hearts of mankind. They forfeited that place—the muddy debris of selfishness and vanity blurred their glory.

Thinking High Through Words

"Inform—Refine—Inspire"

LET these three words teach you the art of thinking high.

How much of the subject matter that comes each day to your attention is of such quality as to inform, refine and inspire you? Apply that test and you may find it necessary to change your intellectual and spiritual diets.

The word "inform" implies more than the acquisition of knowledge. That knowledge must be "formed within"; it must be suitable, well arranged and usable knowledge—knowledge that is orderly, purposeful and harmonious.

"Refine" means, to make fine again, or in greater degree. It is a process not a perfected condition.

"Inspire" means literally, "to breathe into or put spirit into." In common usage the spirit connoted is that of courage, goodness of heart, bigness of soul, ambition to achieve, the fervor of the scientist, the devotion of the patriot, the zeal of the evangelist.

Let these three resourceful words guide you and your Upward Reaching will be quickened immeasurably.

I Will Think Resolutely

IT is the thought entertained with purpose and constancy that produces results. The failure most to be feared is the failure to cleave resolutely to one's purpose.

Strong thoughts exert a powerful influence upward. Weak thoughts account for much of the insignificance and the sordid grovelling we find in the world.

"The nerve which never relaxes—the eye which never blanches—the thought which never wanders—the purpose that never wavers—these," someone has said, "are the masters of victory."

Resolution is omnipotent; it is the distinguishing element in every truly great character.

"I Will Think Resolutely!"

"The world is ours," says Henry Knight Miller, "and we are destined for mastery over every adverse circumstance and force, provided we take the time and have the patience to develop the Will to Do."

Catch the spirit of Jessie B. Rittenhouse in her poem:

MY WAGE

I bargained with Life for a penny,
And life would pay no more,
However I begged at evening
When I counted my scanty store.

For life is a just employer;
He gives you what you ask,
But once you have set the wages,
Why you must bear the task.

I worked for a menial's hire—
Only to learn dismayed,
That any wage I had asked of Life,
Life would have paid.

Confident thinking is the parent of self-confidence. Aware of his noble setting in the universe, man should hold unwavering self-reliance. He should possess that quiet courage reflected in these lines from Edward Jack Appleton:

"I have no fear. What is in store for me
Shall find me ready for it undismayed.
God grant my only cowardice may be
Afraid—to be afraid!"

"He who is firm and resolute in will molds the world to himself."

Grandeur and nobility are usually wrested from tremendous struggles.

Thoughts resolutely entertained are the rounds in the ladder of achievement and Upward Reaching.

Lincoln understood this principle when he said: "The occasion is piled high with difficulties and we must rise with the occasion."

"I Will Think Resolutely"

A lad leaps across the Atlantic. Few eyes beheld him as his plane, heavy laden, struggled upward that dull morning. Light and darkness—and light and darkness—beheld his faultless course.

What audacious purpose! What unyielding perseverance! What high resolution!

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of Heaven," carrying an everlasting Gospel; and the glad tidings thereof were borne upon every tongue and to every nation, kindred and people.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings!"

Immediately the world "made room" for Charles Lindbergh.

A deed such as this must have inspired Edna St. Vincent Millay:

MAKE ROOM

"The world stands out on either side,
No wider than the heart is wide.
Above the world is stretched the sky,
No higher than the soul is high.

The heart can push the sea or land
Farther away on either hand,
The soul can split the sky in two
And let the face of God shine through.

But East and West will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat, the sky
Will cave in on him by and by."

Think Resolutely

Why Be a Prisoner or a Pauper?

AND what are you in this world, my friend—a prisoner or a guest? What is your own appraisal of your standing? Which are you, and are you sure? Oh, sometimes you are a guest; sometimes you are a prisoner. Why can't you be a guest all the time?

As you journey upon the earth, are you a tramp or a tourist? A pauper or a prince? A lodger or a proprietor? Which are you? Have you satisfied yourself as to your rank and rating?

In your own estimate of your life, what are you—a slave or a master? A captive or a conqueror? A foe or a friend? A hater or a lover? A cynic or a believer? Which?

I fancy the answer to these questions will be found in your own feelings—in your own attitude toward life. These inquiries should inspire sharp introspection. This volume admonishes that you judge others leniently, yourself critically and severely.

As you look deep down into your own soul, what are your findings? Is your heart the source of strong, audacious thoughts? Or, is your soul the lazy campground of weakness and despair? Are you cringing with fear or courageous in faith? Make your own self-examination, and draw your own conclusions.

Are you working on the wrecking crew, or on the construction gang? From which group do you draw your stipendia? Are you helping out or hanging on? Have you kept your nerve, or have you lost your nip?

A New Hercules

WOULD you test your power to do strong deeds? Try to be a Hercules in mental and spiritual attainments. Here are twelve super-human feats vastly more difficult to achieve than the feats of Hercules of old.

I will inhibit the expression of pride, envy and malice.

I will seek self-mastery rather than power over others.

I will turn to the up-look when the outlook is not good.

I will cultivate the courage that can stand alone.

I will be content to plant seeds rather than blossoms.

I will keep a "bird in the bush" not made of gold.

I will judge myself severely, others leniently.

I will listen widely, think deeply and speak discreetly.

I will cultivate the enviable power of forgetting and forgiving.

I will avoid the practice of looking for easy things.

I will prefer the love and confidence of my own household to the praises and plaudits of the multitude.

I will cultivate the companionship of the "Still Small Voice."

I Will Arise And Go To My Father

YOU are familiar with the classic story of the Prodigal Son.

You will remember he had drawn his heritage and had "wasted his substance in riotous living."

Reduced to poverty he joined himself to a citizen of the country who sent him into the fields to feed swine.

"He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat."

"And when he came to himself, he said: 'How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!' "

Then there came to his heart a mighty resolution, clothed in language, decorous and majestic:

"I will arise and go to my father!"

Well, after all, is not that the fullness of life for each of us: That we shall resolve to arise, that we shall respond to the God-like impulse to reach upward—that "we shall arise and go to the Father?"

That is the goal, the beauty, the fulfillment of life.

Let's Call Them "Upigrams"

Auspicious Beacons Pointing the Way Upward

IN each and all lie the opportunities of an archangel; as the majestic oak lies enfolded in the acorn.

—Lydia Maria Child.

The end of life is to be like God, and the soul following God will be like Him.

—Socrates.

As man is God once was, and as God is man may become.

—Lorenzo Snow.

Out of the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.

—Thomas Carlyle.

Carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. We are gods in the chrysalis.

—Elbert Hubbard.

Hold up your head! You were not made for failure. You were made for victory.

—George Eliot.

It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigor is in our immortal soul.

—Ovid.

That which the best human nature is capable of is within the reach of human nature at large.

—Herbert Spencer.

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it.

—Phillips Brooks.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

—James Russell Lowell.

A difficult task to be achieved or a noble cause to be vindicated, dwelt upon and dreamed of, impregnates the mind and character with greatness.

—Leo J. Muir.

Thy thought moves with absolute freedom. Accustom it to high progressive flights. Try for the altitude record. Let it come and go throughout the universe.

—Amado Nervo.

Ideality is only the avant-courier of the mind, and where that goes in a healthy and normal state, I hold it to be a prophecy that realization can folow.

—Horace Mann.

The leaders of mankind are those who lift their feet from the dusty road, and lift their eyes to the illumined future.

—Woodrow Wilson.

Heaven is up-hill all the way. But it's keen and bracing exercise. It means a healthier body, livelier mind, and happier spirit every day. And, at the top of the hill, you get the Morning Star.

—Frank Crane.

The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

—Savonarola.

They can because they think they can.
—Bovee.

A person under the firm persuasion that he can command resources virtually has them.

Livy.

Every man who observes vigilantly and resolves steadfastly grows unconsciously into genius.

—Bulwer Lytton.

If a man expects and believes great things of himself, it makes no odds where you put him.

—Thoreau.

There is no defect except from within. There is no really insurmountable barrier save your own inherent weakness of purpose.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The error of the ages—
Why so many do not win—
Is always seeking power without,
Instead of power within.
—Alvin Curtis Shaw.

Man's progress depends on his innate hatred of amounting to nothing. All that men have achieved in their one million years of existence on this earth, all the marvels they have accomplished in the twelve thousand years since the late stone age, are due to the desire to be something. Human nature has a horror of inconspicuousness. Men hate to amount to nothing.

—Arthur Brisbane.

Towering genius disdains a beaten path.

—Abraham Lincoln.

All achieving characters have a sublime disregard of criticism.

—Bruce Barton.

The achievement of serenity is an essential of every thoroughbred.

—Emily Post.

If the Almighty held in his right hand everlasting happiness and in His left the pursuit of it, I would choose the left hand.

—Socrates.

The occasion is piled high with difficulties and we must rise with the occasion.

—Abraham Lincoln.

One great, strong, unselfish soul in every community would actually redeem the world.

—Elbert Hubbard.

Achieve health, exploit love, and feel the thrill of service.

—Lydia N. Jones.

How prudently most men sink into nameless graves, while now and then a few forget themselves into immortality.

—William Jennings Bryan.

Live the love-tinctured life and you will soar to sunkissed summits, bearing your fellows aloft, drawing men with irresistible compulsion. You will be for many as the shadow of a great oak at summer's noontide, as an oasis in desert places, a crystal fountain to thirsty lips.

—Henry Knight Miller.

He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords and kings of earth—they and they alone.

—John Ruskin.

A solemn and religious regard to spiritual and eternal things is an indispensable element of all true greatness.

—Daniel Webster.

A noble and God-like character is not a thing of favor or chance, but is the natural result of continued effort in right thinking, the effect of long-cherished association with God-like thought.

—James Allen.

When the high heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great.

—John Drinkwater.

Climb on! Do not despond,
Though from each summit gained,
There stretch forth heights beyond,
Ideals not attained.
Life's task is but to climb,
Unheeding toil and tire,
Our failure is not crime
If we but still aspire.

—James T. White.

CONCLUSION

ARISE

Arise

LISTEN to the call of the bursting dawn —and thou shalt hear the never-ending anthem of the universe:

ARISE!

Betake thyself to Springtime fields where Nature crowds into life—and thou shalt catch the mighty urge:

GROW!

Hasten to the marts of trade and enterprise, where men battle for "places in the sun"—and thou shalt thrill with the militant challenge:

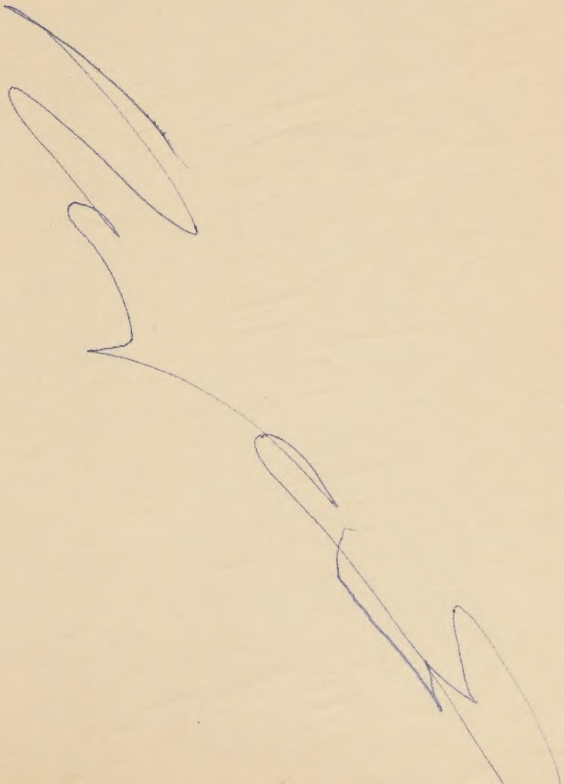
ACHIEVE!

Enter halls of learning and laboratories of science—and thou shalt be quickened by the God-like invitation:

ASPIRE!

Stand ye within the Temple—and thou shalt read the Salutation of the Eternal:

EXALT THYSELF!



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